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Looking Forward

TWO WEEKS AGO when we printed James T. Shotwell's article, "Does Business Mean Peace?" we called attention to the fact that there are already plenty of difficulties to be overcome before world peace is achieved, without making the mistake of adding international banking and trade to the list.

T. R. YBARRA, our European correspondent, who for some years has been well acquainted with Continental affairs, describes one of these difficulties in his article which heads this issue—the rancor and hatred existing between France and Germany.

CERTAINLY every one who has had anything to do with diplomacy in the years since the close of the War has run against this difficulty. Recent so-called "agreements" between Great Britain and France—repudiated and otherwise—are even unintelligible unless it is taken into consideration. Fear of Germany getting on her military feet continues to dominate French diplomacy, while resentment of French actions and hatred of French supremacy lie always just beneath the surface of German thought. It is a situation which existed long before modern, international banking and trade were thought of, and which bids fair to continue long after present-day economic civilization has altered its form.

SUPERFICIALLY considered, such a situation might appear to be not unfortunate for America, in that it produces a state of affairs which renders unlikely any such combination as a United States of Europe as opposed to the United States of America. But the truth is just the opposite. The last war taught us that in any major conflict there is no longer any such thing as a "neutral." Anybody's war soon becomes everybody's war. And when it is everybody's war, everybody loses.

IN FACT, the day has at last arrived when the possibility of armed conflict any place in the world is the immediate personal concern of every ordinary American who reads about it in his morning newspaper.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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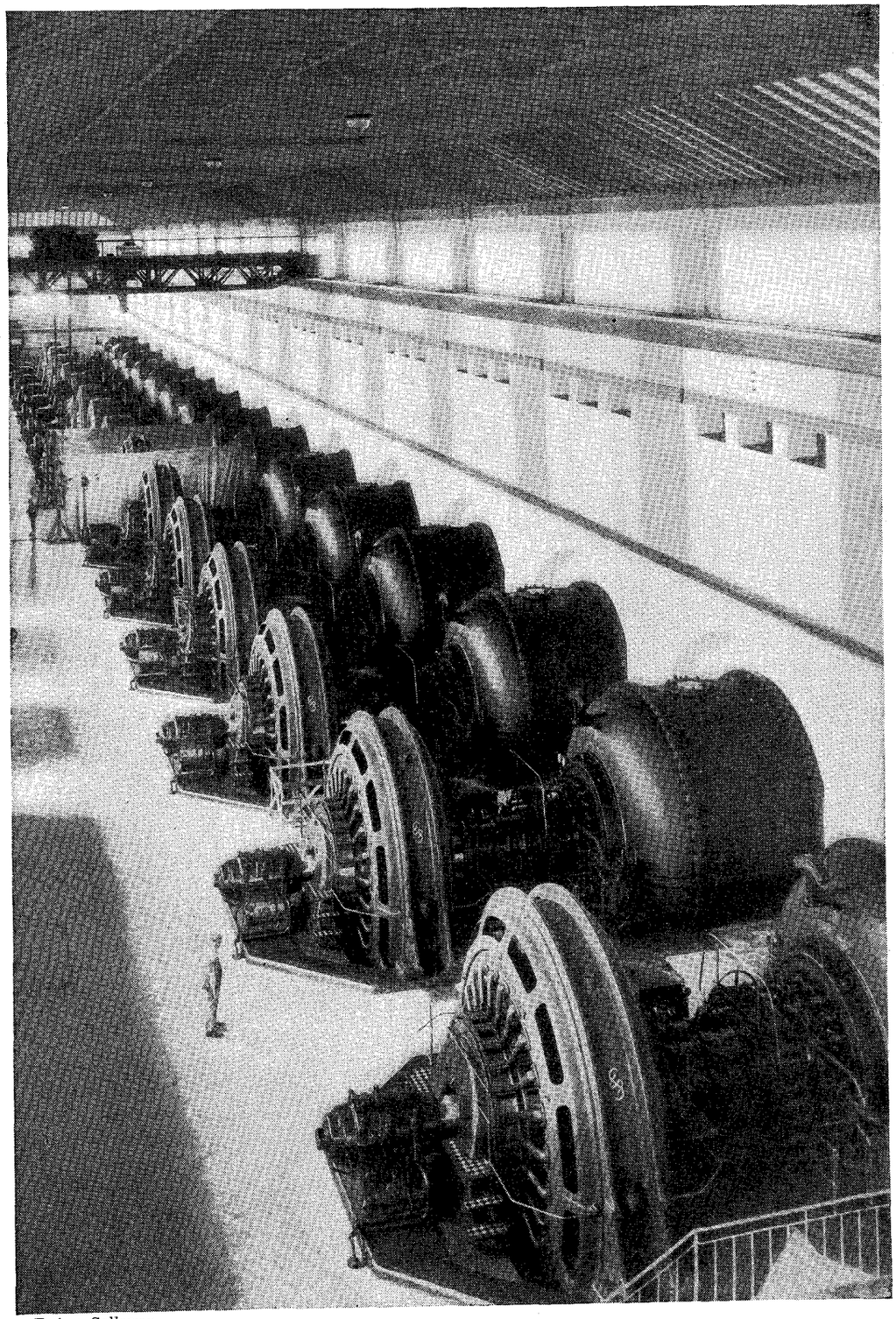

Ewing Galloway

FOR POWER LOST TO FRANCE

Fifteen power generators at the Inn Werck plant at Toging, Bavaria, opened in 1925 as part of a plan to develop water-power as a substitute for the coal lost to France by the Versailles Treaty

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Outlook
and Independent
March 27, 1929

The Malady of Europe

By T. R. YBARRA

The incurable malady of Europe, the author diagnoses, is the old feud between France and Germany. Although the consequent economic loss to Europe is our gain, Mr. Ybarra's argument supports Dr. Shotwell's theme in a recent issue: that the most real interests of business call for a world at peace

OPTIMISTS, their eyes beaming with love of mankind, their hearts overflowing with sweetness and light, proclaim from the house-tops: "Europe has recovered from the War! Europe has been reborn! Europe is happy! All is well with the best of all possible Europes!"

Whereupon pessimists, poking sour faces out of dark lairs, croak: "What *is* Europe?"

Filled with indignation, the optimists turn upon the croakers: "Why, Europe is—er—er—of course, it is—Europe is—"

"What *is* it?" persist the pessimists.

The optimists try to floor them with a crushing answer. No use! They can't do it. Blushing and stammering, they clamber down from the house-tops. With a nasty chuckle, the pessimists crawl back into their lairs.

Yes, what *is* Europe? When you talk about the United States doing this or not doing that, your meaning is perfectly clear; but when there is talk of Europe being prosperous or Europe being happy, of Europe thinking this way or that, it becomes most pertinent to remark—just for the sake of clarity:

"When you say Europe, you include, of course, France and Germany. When you call Europeans happy, you mean, of course, that the French are happy and the Germans. When you say, for instance, that Europe approves of the Treaty of Versailles and the Dawes Plan, you mean that France approves of them, and Germany. Or, if you don't, what do you mean?"

There is no such thing as Europe—except geographically. Simply because we were taught at school to think of it as a continent, we persist in thinking of it thus—politically, economically, every other way. We discuss European interests, in contradistinction to American; we credit Europeans with thinking continentally, whereas, as a matter of fact, they are the most local-minded people on earth. To readjust our mental attitude, we must realize two truths:

FIRST, it is we, of the United States, who think continentally, since, despite local prejudices, the thoughts of the man in the street in New York are basically what the man in the street thinks in San Francisco; and since, even if this were not so, official action in Washington would bind the man in the street on both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, to say nothing of his counterpart in Duluth and San Antonio and Key West and Boston.

Second, the European does not think continentally; and, even if an appreciable section of Europeans, realizing the advantages of so thinking, tried to reshape Europe in accordance with a continental point of view, their efforts would be doomed to failure because of what may well be termed Europe's incurable malady: Europe happens to include both France and Germany.

That is the stumbling block. Since there is no way of removing either of those lands from its position in the very heart of the European continent, Europe seems precluded from being an entity, a whole, except in the geographical sense. Considered from other points of view—political, economic, industrial, commercial—she seems doomed to remain a welter of national units, seeking to act centripetally yet forced to act centrifugally by the incurable hostility of the French for the Germans and of the Germans for the French.

Too pessimistic? Why? Close observation of European events before the World War would certainly seem to prove this view correct. And, if the history of the first post-war decade in Europe is any criterion, the future of that harassed continent, from the standpoint of solidarity, is going to be no better and possibly much worse. Indeed, it seems well-nigh self-evident to state that France and Germany, wherever French and German interests are at stake, will invariably sacrifice the welfare of Europe as a whole to their own private interest. Individual Frenchmen and Germans may lament the decline of Europe, they may preach the need for concerted Franco-German action, if Europe is not to be left hopelessly behind by America in the race for world-leadership; but, when it comes to action, when practice must supersede theory, what reason is there for believing that Frenchmen and Germans will adopt a course in the future different from the one they have repeatedly elected in the past: to fly at each other's throats?

For nearly sixty years, from 1871 to 1918, the dreams of France could be summed up in a sentence: "At any cost we must get Germany down!" Similarly, the dreams of Germany during the

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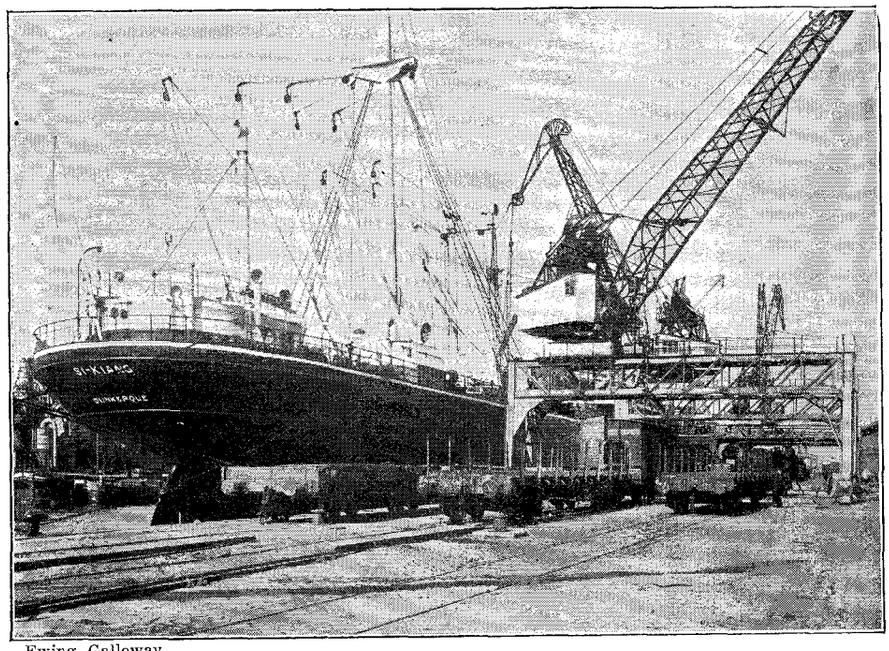

Ewing Galloway

DUNKIRK, NEW FRENCH GATEWAY OF COMMERCE

When the British began to build up this venerable Channel port during the War, France saw its possibilities. Now it is being completely modernized

same period could be summarized in the words: "We must keep France down, at any cost!" Since the victory of the Allies over the Central Powers in the World War, the positions have been reversed, but the spirit of hatred remains the same. France, exultant but apprehensive for the future, says: "We must keep Germany down!" Germany, broken and sullen, growls: "We must get France down again!" Blinded by an international antagonism as violent, probably, as any in the whole extent of history, both French and Germans forget, in their desire to down each other, the disadvantages which their bitter enmity will unquestionably bring to Europe; the advantages which, beyond the shadow of a doubt, it will bring to America. No matter! *"Delenda Germania est!" "Nach Paris!"*

Yet the benefits which would accrue to France, Germany and Europe as a whole from Franco-German cooperation are so obvious that it is a wonder that even such a deep-seated thing as the enmity between French and Germans has managed to endure! No matter in what direction you look, these benefits stare you in the face.

Take, for instance, as a concrete illustration, the case of the Lorraine ore fields and the Ruhr industrial district.

These two seem to have been created expressly for the closest sort of industrial co-operation. They are next-door neighbors; each is the complement of the other; Lorraine ore, fed into the Ruhr, brought the latter to the top-notch of prosperity between 1871 and 1918, when both Lorraine and the Ruhr were German territory; when everything possible was done to make each serve the other.

All that time, however, Lorraine remained French at heart; she was a French "Irredenta," yearning, like her sister, Alsace, despite material well-being, to be gathered again under the folds of the French tri-color.

In 1918 the Armistice made the dream of Lorrainers and Alsatians come true. They became French again. The Lorraine ore fields, severed from defeated Germany, became again French territory; their ores were deflected from the Ruhr to France—which, since 1871, has been suffering for lack of them.

The powerful, highly organized industries of the Ruhr were crushed to the ground. Not only that—industry elsewhere in Germany suffered a cataclysmic setback.

Instead of owning a larger proportion of the total iron ore deposits of Europe than any other European nation, Germany was forced to yield first place to France. Of her pre-war total of coal deposits—472,000,000 tons—she was reduced to 225,000,000 tons, or less than half. Whereas, in 1913, seventy per cent of the iron produced by German blast furnaces was obtained from ore found on German territory, seventy per cent of that produced at the present time is from foreign ore.

Instead of obtaining ore from Lorraine, the Ruhr blast furnaces are obliged to get it mostly from Scandinavia—much further away than Lorraine. France, inferior to Germany in 1913 in the wealth of her ore deposits, is now richer than any other European land.

Germany is producing less coal, less iron, less steel, than before the war. So great has been the dislocation in the Ruhr district, as a result of the loss by Germany of the Lorraine ore fields—and of other causes directly due to the Versailles Treaty—that Germany is far behind pre-war figures in these branches of industry; in fact, in some directions, she has shown a tendency to slip back after showing post-war spurts of improvement. Her balance of foreign trade in connection with her heavy industries, is, compared with pre-war days, distinctly adverse. Her production of iron ore has shrunk to one fifth of its pre-war total.

Meanwhile, French industry, through the shifting of Lorraine back to France and for other reasons, has improved—but only gradually. The ravages of the War and the slowness of general post-war readjustment have postponed the advent of genuine French industrial prosperity.

The consequences to Europe as a whole are naturally disadvantageous. The Ruhr industries—in pre-war days among the best-organized and most successful in the world—have been so handicapped since 1918 that it has seemed at times as if they must collapse altogether. And French industry, though climbing steadily upward as a result of the crippling of its formidable German rival, is only now beginning to show signs of real progress.

Meanwhile America, powerful enough before the War, has gone forward by leaps and bounds; freed to a great extent from Ruhr competition, not yet seriously menaced by French rivalry, it has been having a regular walkover.

In 1928, for the first time on record, the United States produced more steel than Europe. According to German figures compiled at the beginning of 1929, American steel production for 1928 was 51,200,000 metric tons as against Europe's total production of 51,000,000. In 1927 Europe was still well ahead, with a total production in metric tons of 52,350,000 against 45,650,000 for the United States.

Germany's steel production dropped from 16,300,000 metric tons in 1927 to

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14,300,000 in 1928, while that of France climbed in the same period from 8,275,000 to 9,300,000 metric tons—which illustrates the slow improvement in French industry, the decline of the German and—partly as a result of the dislocation and readjustment in Lorraine and the Ruhr—the decline in production of Europe as a whole.

The latest available figures for pig-iron production are also useful as an illustration of how Europe, prevented largely by Franco-German enmity from presenting a solid front against American competition, is steadily losing ground in the fight against us.

In 1928 the total European production of pig iron was 44,200,000 metric tons against 45,550,000 during 1927. On the other hand, production in the United States rose within the same period from 37,150,000 to 38,000,000 metric tons.

Germany's production of pig iron, which totaled 13,100,000 metric tons in 1927 was only 11,700,000 in 1928; that of France, on the other hand, increased from 9,300,000 to 10,000,000 metric tons. In other words, the same situation is reflected as with steel: a sharp decline in German, a small increase in French, a decline in European, and an increase in American, production.

Had France and Germany worked together in the industrial and other fields for the general good of Europe, the latter might have had something like a chance of competing successfully against the Americans. But how can even the most sanguine of optimists, equipped with the rosiest of eyeglasses, credit Europe with even the ghost of a chance against her gigantic transatlantic rival when the main object of the French and Germans is not to strengthen Europe in her struggle against America but to cripple each other even if Europe is wrecked in the process?

Taking again the specific case of Lorraine and the Ruhr, far-sighted Europeans long ago realized the enormous advantages to Europe which might be derived from Franco-German co-operation in that region. Loucheur realized it in France; so did the ill-fated Rathenau in Germany. There would be no necessity, they foresaw, for having both the ore fields and the manufacturing district within the frontiers of either France or Germany; why not some sort of close economic union, framed primarily with a view to the most practical exploitation of this favored territory, irrespective of where the line of demarcation between Germany and France might be drawn? If one can visualize—as a few Europeans have done—a sort of European superstate, an economic-industrial United States of Europe, where, though national boundaries continued to be based on politico-racial considerations, economic reasons were paramount in determining international relations, then it becomes easy to imagine a German Ruhr doing business in the most practical and harmonious way with a French Lorraine—and the some sort of thing, *mutatis mutandis*, for the rest of Europe.

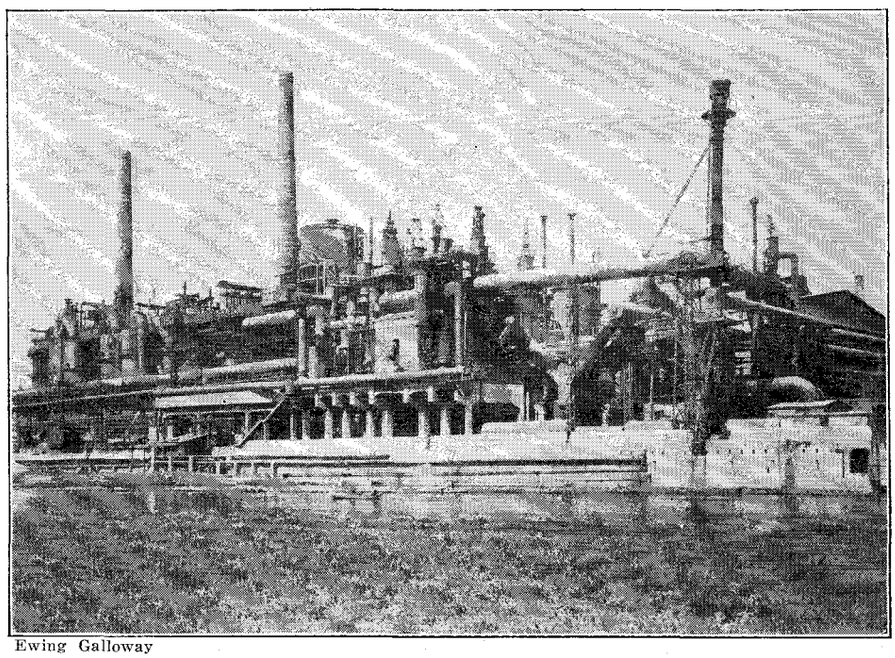
Unfortunately, European political and racial antagonisms are so bitter that, on second thought, such a superstate seems a mere mirage conjured up by superoptimism. As long as Lorraine remains French, its ores will be devoted primarily to the advantage of France and the detriment of Germany—let the result, to Europe as a whole, be what it may. Conversely, assuming the Germans ever get possession of Lorraine again, its mineral wealth will promptly and ruthlessly be poured into the Ruhr and everything possible will be done to hurt French industry, even if thereby France is ruined and Europe mortally wounded. *"Vive la France!" "Deutschland über alles!"* It is the most vicious of vicious circles.

It may be asked: Is it not an exaggeration to attribute such importance to the results of the hostility between French and Germans? Is it not too much to say that their joint presence on the European continent is Europe's incurable malady? Cannot Europe march toward prosperity in spite of Franco-German hatred?

Can she? What does the past show?

Franco-German hatred was, beyond a doubt, the basic cause of the World War. Had France and Germany, in the half-century between the end of the Franco-German War and the beginning of the World War, realized the absolute necessity of living in harmonious co-operation with each other and serving thereby the general welfare of Europe, there probably would have been no World War. Instead, they glared at each other across their frontiers in undiminished hostility; Wilhelm II persistently rattled the sabre and flaunted his matchless army; in France, the idea of *"revanche"* for 1870 never died. Looking back on Europe between 1871 and 1914, it seems a miracle that the peace was kept as long as it was!

When war finally came, it burst with such fury as to eclipse all the horrors of previous conflicts. Nor did it remain merely a fight between France and Germany, though Franco-German enmity was the main reason for it. Had it been limited to those two nations it would have been bad enough; but, as a matter of fact, within two years of the outbreak of hostilities, a dozen European nations were involved and those still neutral were preserving their neutrality only by dint of the most adroit



Ewing Galloway

IN THE HEART OF GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL VALLEY

Blast furnaces of the mammoth Stinnes works, one of the great developments of the Ruhr Valley

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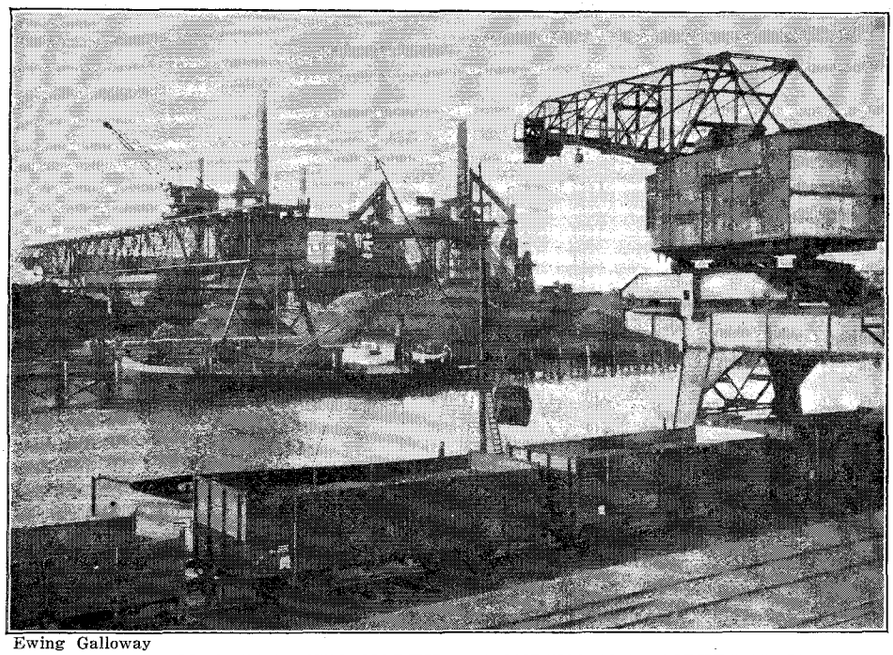


Ewing Galloway

BREMEN, GERMANY'S NORTHERN INDUSTRIAL METROPOLIS

Steel mills which are a striking evidence of the push of industry in the German republic

political tightrope-walking—to say nothing of the enormous expense imposed upon them by the mobilization of their armies for protection in case of invasion by some one of the blood-maddened belligerents. Europe, indeed, was turned into a blend of armed camp and charnel-house; France and Germany, who had set the ball rolling, seemed to have become after a while mere incidents in the general massacre.

WHAT of the next European war? When French and Germans again leap at each other's throats, will the fight be limited to them? Will the nations which threw their forces upon the scales in the last war sit placidly by and watch the tri-color battling the new black, red and gold of the German Republic?

Hardly. France already has several European allies ready for the clash. Poland is an eastern outpost of hers against Germany; Czechoslovakia is another; Belgium is a buffer against Germany in the west. As for Germany—when she gets back into a position for waging war—will she lack allies?

Scarcely. What about Soviet Russia? There have been stranger international bedfellows. What about Fascist Italy, thirsting to cross swords with France? Even today there is no real source of estrangement between Mussolini and the Berlin Government except his drastic attempts to Italianize the Germanic inhabitants of Southern Tyrol, annexed to Italy after the World War. Suppose Mussolini, on the lookout for allies, should suddenly become kindly and tolerant in Italian Tyrol to the German language, to Germanic customs and schools—would there not be joy in the Wilhelmstrasse and in Vienna as well? Might not the upshot be an Italian-German-Austrian alliance? Stranger things have happened.

All of which may be implying that Europe is thinking in terms of war. But—when has Europe ever thought in any other terms? What alliance was ever concluded between two major European nations without being pointed, like a menacing spear, at some third European power? There may have been such—but, somehow, they do not come readily to mind.

Meanwhile, what of Europe as a whole?

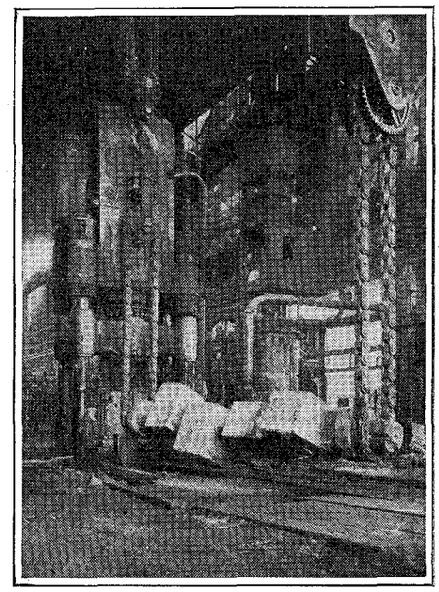
Ah, there's the rub! Europe as a whole can go hang! The correct thing, among Europeans, is to think of Europe as a parcel of warring nationalistic ambitions. Europe as a continent can go to rack and ruin provided the best interests—what an apt phrase!—of some one lone European nation are—may God forgive the word!—safeguarded! We used to be told at school that the whole was greater than any of its parts; but the European state of mind at the present day makes it incumbent on Europeans to believe that any part of Europe is more important than the whole of it!

And what of America?

Really, the game is made too easy for us! It is like taking candy from a sick baby. But what are we to do? Is it our fault that Europe has got herself into such a condition that the undying hatred of Germany for France and of France for Germany must doom her to ruin, or—if not quite that—to playing second fiddle or a humbler instrument in the orchestra of the continents? America is not Europe's keeper; should Americans refuse to profit by Europe's blindness they would make all their forerunners in the annals of altruism look like greedy Shylocks!

If we were a Machiavelli among nations, if we were deliberately seeking to profit from Europe's incurable malady, there would be today a lot of crafty American paid agents in Paris ceaselessly telling the French: "Hate the Germans! Down with them! Crush them!" And there would be another lot of agents, paid by Washington, stationed in Berlin, whispering to Teutonic ears: "Patience! You are sure to get your revenge on France! You are sure to march as victors into Paris! Bide your time! Keep your powder dry!"

Yes, that is what America would be doing were we a nation of Machiavellis. But we aren't! There is nothing Machiavellian about us. Our strokes of international good fortune are a succession of Topsies—they jes' grew. The English muddle through; we blunder along. We set out without knowing whither we are bound and arrive at—world supremacy!



Courtesy German Railways

GERMAN STEEL FOR INDUSTRY

Ingots in one of the post-war German steel plants which are a great factor in the Republic's prosperity

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A Generals' War

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

Mr. Aikman has been watching developments in Mexico from a ringside seat at his home in El Paso. He does not forget that real wars have been fought below the Rio Grande but the present one appears to him at the moment as "a Presidential preference primary in the good old-fashioned way." Besides being a newspaperman, Mr. Aikman is the author of several books

WAR, of a sort, has been turned loose in Mexico again. It is approximately the 109th war in the 108 years since Mexico's independence—not counting a few little internecine wars within the armies which were conducting warfare against each other, or the eleven years' war with which independence was won.

This last war, though, which, by a delicate coincidence, was released for publication on the very day before the United States changed Presidential administrations, differs from some of its best remembered modern predecessors in appearing strictly orthodox. In the revolutions which upset the dictator Diaz in 1911 and the dictator Huerta in 1914, and in the subsequent fighting years during which President Venustiano Carranza held on to a more precarious authority against the picturesque Francisco Villa, thousands of plain civilian persons left their plows and their market stalls in Mexico to go with the armies. Whether or not they were seriously allured by the then fashionable projects for abolishing peonage, dividing the estates, raising labor to a first power in the political state and taking a little vengeance, as they went along, on grasping plutocrats and authoritarian churchmen, Mexican civilians somehow took a personal interest in these earlier conflicts. They even participated with considerable moral support and some gun-play in the de la Huerta revolution winter in which the more strikingly radical measures of the previous decade of revolutions were to have been eliminated or reformed.

The 1929 revolution runs true to an older pattern—one devised as early as the first six months of the republic's existence when one Augustin Iturbide, by seducing a few regiments at strategic points near the capital, made himself emperor of Mexico. The imperial dignity did not sit well with the Mexicans; nevertheless the Iturbide device furnished the technique by which, with three or four scattering exceptions, the Presidency was won for sixty years, through Santa Anna to Diaz. The ancient and traditional prescription has been invoked again for apparently orthodox purposes. The generals, Escobar and Urbalejo, in Coahuila, Manzo in Sonora and Caraveo in Chihuahua—unsuccessfully metamorphosed last fall into a strictly civilian governor in mufti—have pronounced "agin the government" because "the inspirator of persecution inhuman and savage, Plutarco Elias Calles, pretends to continue imposing his will upon the law and the will of the people." And while the people, thus exposed both to the imposition and to being rescued from the imposition, have dropped behind their adobe walls to avoid shooting, or here and there, at command of locally dominant generals, have done a little home guard duty in putatively beleaguered cities, the fate of the revolution has come to rest on the old familiar question of which party can soft-soap—and incidentally pay off—the most regular army regiments.

Underwood

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES

Former President of Mexico, recalled from private life to crush the rebellion

In other words, a national election being scheduled for next November, the men on horseback are holding a Presidential preference primary in the good old-fashioned way.

Since the revolution is a regular army affair, the military programme tends to be conducted most professionally. In Mexico the professional conduct of revolutions implies that, except in the crucial battles where the luck of the major office-seekers must really be decided, fighting is not so important as winning the right military units over. In the State of Vera Cruz, for example, to the accompaniment of a minimum of pot-shotting the game of winning them over was played twice successfully within the revolution's first half week. General Jesus Aguirre, by his fiery indignation at the crimes of the Portes Gil administration and the subterranean boss-ship of ex-President Calles, first succeeded in winning over the garrison at the historic seaport. These troops, being in the majority, went out, or dispatched telegrams, which promptly won over most of the State's outlying garrisons. Revolutionary mobilizations were accomplished and something was announced by the news dispensers for the revolution, about marching on Mexico City.

But it is a 10,000-foot climb from Vera Cruz to the top of the ranges surrounding the capital, and no revolutionary force has been known to make it in Mexican history without the help of strong defections in the capital's garrisons. This time there were no defections. Instead of the rebels making a successful uphill assault on the valley of Mexico, an army under orders from the newly appointed War Minister, ex-President Calles, started downhill chasing rebels. Promptly a large segment—apparently a majority—of General Aguirre's forces were won back to their federal allegiance, the federals being in a winning-over rather than in a punishing mood and also being better equipped and more numerous. A few sniping engagements were enjoyed about the city of Vera Cruz to satisfy honor, but for all practical purposes the revolution in Vera Cruz State had been quelled by strictly professional methods.

A similar technique with different objectives was pursued in the capture and

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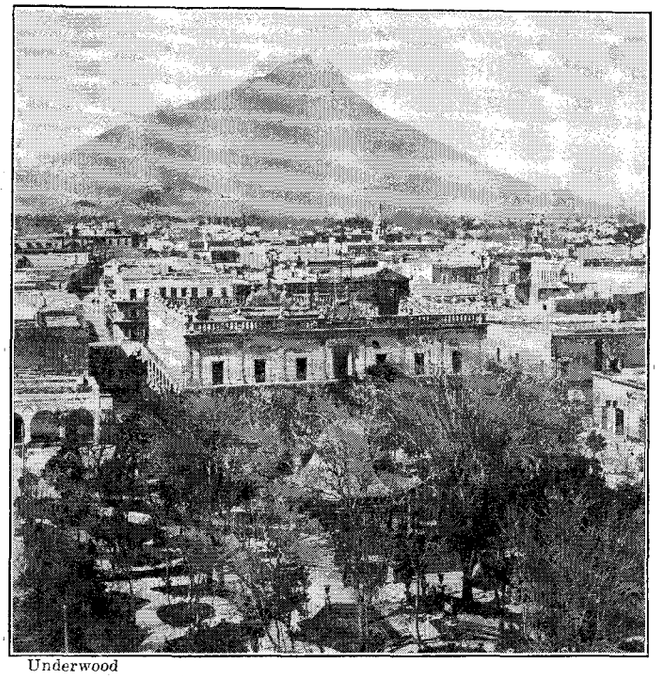
recapture of the northern industrial stronghold of Monterey. The federals had the city garrisoned with only a company or two of infantry. Somewhere over toward Torreon to the westward, half a regiment which had gone revolutionist set out for Monterey and took it after a little skirmish shooting had made plain that the rebels had a few hundred soldiers the advantage. Meanwhile, federal garrisons rallied down the railway line toward San Luis Potosi and marched on Monterey with an army which may have numbered a thousand. The rebels cleared out at their approach after the strictly professional exchange of a few courtesy shots in the suburbs; but during their day's occupation the rebels had cleaned the Monterey banks out of $345,000 in specie and were that much stronger on the payroll side.

The more celebrated—because more adequately reported—"battle of Juarez" departed from the strictly professional category in that cash was not at stake and nobody was won over to the other side. Still the contest lacked something of the fighting spirit proper to a crucial engagement. With Chihuahua, and the territory down the Mexican national railways, gone over to the revolution as far south as Torreon, this border point would normally have turned revolutionist without a struggle and indeed the civilian politicos of the town were all strong for it. But General Manuel J. Limon, the garrison commander, was the brother of the commandant of the presidential guards in Mexico City, so that a "flop" on his part would have been embarrassing, not to say dangerous, to the family prospects. So the decision was made to hold Juarez and against really impossible odds; and amid rebel accusations that the whole purpose of the resistance was to bring on United States intervention by holding a battle within shooting range of El Paso, two federal generals were carried up by airplane to the city to help General Limon do his duty.

Nevertheless, the instant a thousand or so rebels from Chihuahua City rushed the town at dawn of a Friday morning, the federals gave up their stronghold of the William Henry Harrison period, Fort Hidalgo, on the outskirts and retreated to sniping positions in their favorite hotels and cafés in the center of the city. By 10:30 in the morning the "battle" was over, a surrender was being arranged by the diplomatic interpositions of the American general in command at Fort Bliss, El Paso, and the casualties, including a popular American bartender and an El Paso baby hit by a stray bullet, barely exceeded those of the more sanguine Chicago gang fights.

The Juarez fray gave a great opening to El Paso's gifted young reporters who had read the dispatches of the World War correspondents in their high-school days and had grown up with a laudable ambition to write just like them. "A sullen night, then came the dawn," they wrote, and after the shooting was over thrilled their Texan audience with the rhetorical information that "like other war-worn cities, Juarez is bravely and heroically carrying on." Actually the tourists and regular El Paso customers visiting their favorite haunts in the border stronghold which Volstead has made prosperous, found hardly a bottle missing from its familiar place.



Underwood

THE INDUSTRIAL STRONGHOLD OF MONTEREY

The federals were interned at Fort Bliss as guests of the United States regulars and the rebels were a little happier that now no federal reinforcements, through Mr. Hoover's possible benevolence, could be sent to attack them from loyal northeastern Mexico. But as a mere military engagement, the "battle of Juarez" was really not so hot. When the professional "fixers" of troop loyalties have exhausted their resources, however, there is always in a Mexican revolution a clearance for real fighting. The "fixers" won the day against Diaz in 1911 and against Carranza in 1920. But in the intervening Carranza-Villa warfare, the battles of Celaya and Ojinaga for their size were real battles. They were in the Sadowa and Austerlitz manner of close-in, general milling, to be sure, rather than on the long range, over-the-top plan of World War engagements; but considering the numbers and the generalship the casualty lists reflected creditably on the Mexican fighting spirit in a show-down. Earlier battles, too, during the war of the church and the liberals in the fifties and in Benito Jaurez's campaign against the Emperor Maximilian showed that a revolutionary army is not necessarily a safe place for *opéra bouffe* militarists. Both the revolutionary and the federal armies are better equipped and drilled for the 1929 fracas than any of the commands in previous Mexican internal arguments, so the war is not positively foredoomed to exhaust itself in a series of regimental allegiance shifts and bank "borrowings." It is simply that the war business has started off normally for Mexican revolutions, with garrison seduction tactics and a few comparatively nominal skirmishes.

Meanwhile, quite as important as the field strategy, are the pay and publicity questions. In generals' presidential primaries, the side which cannot pay its troops at least as lavishly and as regularly as the other is at a serious disadvantage. And in view of the United States Government's policy of actively benevolent neutrality toward regularly recognized governments in Latin America, an insurrectionary movement which cannot gain a strong public sympathy in the United States is in danger until the military situation is wholly in its hands. The 1929 revolution, starting from scratch without either of these requisites, launched efforts to correct major deficiencies almost as soon as the first shots were fired.

The plan of Hermosillo, which confined itself mainly to an attack on the

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Wide World

GENERAL FRANCISCO R. MANZO

One of the rebel leaders who has thus far managed to hold his command

political methods of General Calles and the Portes Gil administration and a demand that the present office-holders clear out, was consequently reinforced when the Sonora revolutionary spokesmen reached the border, by ringing declarations in favor of religious liberty and the opening of the Sonora churches. By the time of the Jaurez capture, late in the revolution's first week, new spokesmen in touch with supreme military headquarters in Torreon had added the rescue of the nation from Bolshevism to their list of objectives. Protests were heard against the "food trusts" with which General Calles is alleged to be starving the people in order to feed monopolistic business enterprises, and pledges were being made of a super-Coolidgean system of economy in taxation. Although many of the revolutionary leaders were closely associated with the Calles policies of church repression and socialization measures in labor and industry until after the assassination of President-elect Obregon last summer, campaigns against religious persecution, Bolshevism, monopoly and extravagant taxation are supposed to be popular with American opinion.

With publicity placed on this favorable basis, the pay question has been temporarily taken care of with the specie funds of the banks in the rebel area. The Monterey raid supplemented the lesser resources of Torreon, agricultural metropolis of north central Mexico, while on the west coast the rebel cause is understood to have been assisted by several hundred thousand dollars on deposit with the Hermosillo, Sonora, banks for payrolls in the construction of a new $1,000,000 bridge and some sizeable reclamation projects.

The rebels have the men, and the men have brought their guns — as well as their blankets and uniforms and their favorite women camp-followers—with them. The revolution can see that they eat as well as the Calles army for long enough to fight the critical battle of this great "renovating" enterprise—"the renovating revolution" is its official title —provided the Mexican fates have any critical battles scheduled.

What does it all mean to the world at large and the Mexican people? Not a great deal, perhaps, but something. The Obregon-Calles-Portes Gil succession has at least produced a fair degree of order in Mexico, barring the ill-starred de la Huerta revolution of 1923-24, for nearly nine years. The effort to overthrow it means, barring the slender chance—about two in a hundred by the historical record—that the revolution will produce another Jaurez or another Diaz, that government will return for the time being to its pre-Diaz system of presidential elections by barracks intrigue. The churches may be opened and some of the more radical policies which have grown up under the 1917 constitution may be modified if the revolution wins. But this will be done, unless the luck is unusually propitious, at the price of such certainty of authority as the stern rule of Obregon and Calles has given.

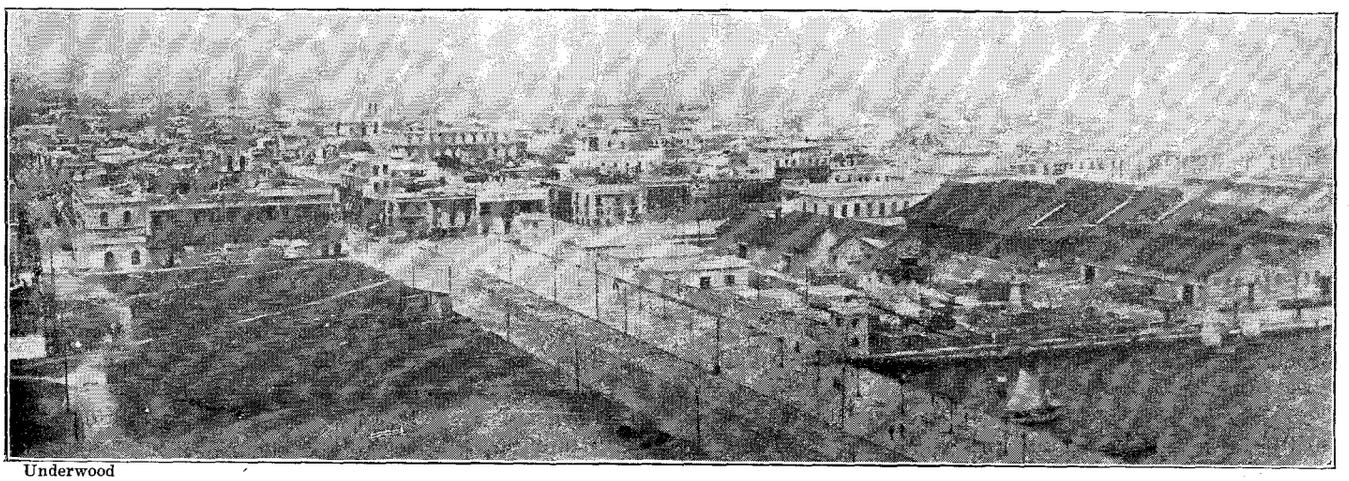
So perhaps one's civilian friends in Mexico who have a pleasant custom of deferring delicate choices as long as possible, take the philosophic view of it when they inform one with shrugs:

"This is a generals' war. Watch us be as neutral as we can."

Underwood

GENERAL JESUS AGUIRRE

Rebel leader of Vera Cruz who fled to the mountains at the Federals' approach



Underwood

VERA CRUZ, ONE OF THE REBELS' KEY STRONGHOLDS, AGAIN UNDER FEDERAL CONTROL

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Clowns and Clowning

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Clowning, the author reminds us, sets up a world apart in which life is upside down. And clowns, no less, who are really born to their art and live it, find somehow a rhythm in their expression that is denied in those who are merely their imitators. Mr. Bragdon is well known as an architect and an artist in stage design

SEATED in the New York Hippodrome the other afternoon, watching Toto, the last of the illustrious line of clowns, searching through all his clothes for his other leg, and finally feeling for it in his inside pocket, I was convinced anew that the simon-pure clown belonged to a race apart—that like albinos and four-leafed clovers they were altogether extraordinary and exceptional, related less to our common humanity than to one another, no matter how widely separated in time and space. By clown I do not mean the mere funny man, nor the actor who has adopted the clown technique without the clown psychology; I refer only to the true pantomimists, who are able to look at life upside down, as it were, and by means of their art and an inevitable rhythm, are able to impose this vision upon others. These are so rare that never more than a few incarnate in any given generation, and their very names —Debureau, Grimaldi, Chaplin—become symbols of a certain *something* to which the sophisticate and the child equally respond: something which we all recognize, and which I shall endeavor to analyze—"The Philosopher Looks at Clowning" might have been a better title for this talk.

Because they alone appear to possess the secret of clown humor, the great clowns are forced, as a rule, to originate their own business, and devise their own scenarios. Their natural *language* is not speech, but movement, and of that language, *things* are the nouns, and *actions* are the verbs. Give Humpty Dumpty his red-hot poker, or his string of sausages on a leash, and he is eloquent and entertaining. Strip him of such accessories—real or imaginary—and we suddenly realize that he is dumb.

The secret of clown humor dwells in its preposterousness, which, it is perhaps necessary to remind the reader, means upside down. The clown does everything differently from the way we would do it, but accomplishes the same result; he walks on his hands, puts his head in his hat instead of his hat on his head, smokes his cigar with the lighted end in his mouth, buttons his coat with a coupling-pin and plays the violin with his cane; if Chaplin is playing the part of a soldier in the trenches who can't get the cork out of a bottle, he holds it up for the neck to be broken by an enemy sharp-shooter—and so on. The preposterousness of clown humor is so

Courtesy United Artists

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

An insignificant and forlorn figure in "The Circus"

consistent with itself, and its unreason is so extreme, that it returns, full circle, to perfect reasonableness. When Chaplin, in "The Gold Rush," suffering the last extremities of starvation, cooks his shoe in the oven in default of a Thanksgiving turkey, bastes it, carves it, serves it, winds the laces on his fork like spaghetti, and picks the nails out of his mouth as though they were bones, it fills us with unreasoning delight, for having accepted the major premise these corollaries follow as a matter of course.

Clown humor has a curious kinship with the psychology of dreams, for in dreams we are always escaping from preposterous situations in preposterous ways. Du Maurier, in a series of "Punch" pictures, recounts a typical nightmare which well illustrates this constant characteristic of dreams. He is summoned from his bed and hurried through the streets of London to Albert Hall in a hansom, where he finds that he is expected to sing Sullivan's "Lost Chord" to a gathered and expectant throng. He discovers, to his consternation, that he has forgotten the air, but Sir Arthur, who is present behind the scenes, obligingly whistles it for him just before he is called. Thus sustained and reassured he steps upon the stage in front of a vast audience only to realize that he is in his nightgown, to escape the ignominy of which he crawls under the grand piano—and so on. This is not only typical nightmare, but it is typical clown humor: the sequences, the surprises, the alternations of satisfaction and despair are such as a good pantomimic clown would revel in.

The psychology of drunkenness is not dissimilar to that of dreams, because inebriation becomes, at a certain point, a waking dream. The only thing which makes the actions of a drunkard funny is that for the time being they spring from the same inverted rationality which pertains to dreams, and is the *sine qua non* of clown humor. The following example establishes this connection very well: I was once riding in the same street car as a drunken man: he had just purchased a new pair of shoes, and was taking them home wrapped in a paper bag; it occurred to him then and there to put them on, so he took off one of his old shoes and threw it out of the car window, only to find that the new one was so small he couldn't squeeze his foot into it, whereupon he threw that out of the window too, and proceeded to encase his foot in the paper bag, tying it about the ankle with a piece of string.

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all with the clown's deep seriousness and obliviousness.

These and similar parallels between clowning, dreaming, and the somnambulism of the drunkard may serve to explain why the clown is so universal in his appeal: he is the dramatizer of a subjective state or level of psychic life which is itself universal, and of which every one has had experience. "All the world loves a lover" because we are all —potentially at least—lovers, and all the world loves a clown because in one department of our manifold nature we are all clowns. But there is another and an altogether different reason.

Acrobatics and juggling have always been recognized as part of the technique of clowning. All of the great clowns have possessed this order of adroitness in greater or less degree. Now to become an acrobat and a juggler involves a mastery of rhythm and a power and universality of bodily control far beyond that required of the dancer. The acrobatic art is, in a sense, a higher power of dancing, it is the greater which includes the less, being governed by a higher mathematic, as it were. The acrobat weaves patterns in space of which the dancer is incapable, and to do this submits himself to a training and discipline far more arduous.

Charles and Ernest Clarke, the aerialists, practiced their "two somersaults and a twister" at least ten times a day for over a year before even their hands came together (and every try meant a drop in the net), and it took three and one half years more of practice before they felt themselves justified in exhibiting the feat.

This anecdote may seem irrelevant because it has to do with the higher reaches of acrobatics, but the point which I want to make is that the pantomimic clown, with his acrobatic training, is usually if not a finer, at least a more technically proficient artist than the dancer, and that from this order of proficiency we derive a deep pleasure.

This pleasure is certainly akin to that which music itself inspires: in the good old circus days when the motley company of acrobats and clowns used to take turns doing somersaults over the elephants I am sure that I, who am not musical, experienced a pleasure not unlike to that of a musician at an orchestral concert. Both things are mathematical: acrobatics are mathematics made visible—expressed in terms of space: music is mathematics made audible—in terms of time. Quite aside, then, from the humor of clowning, we derive subjective satisfaction from the mathematics—expressed in rhythm—of that order of bodily movement which is the fine fruit of acrobatic training, the pre-eminent possession of the pantomimic clown, as distinguished from the actor-pantomimist.

The great clowns have always been distinguished by their ability to move their audiences to tears as well as to

TOTO

Last of the Hippodrome's line of clowns

laughter, and to both at the same time. My first experience of this strange double emotion was provoked by some forgotten episode in the performance of George K. Fox, "the American Grimaldi," in "Humpty Dumpty," witnessed as a boy. By his possession of this dual power Chaplin proves himself to be one of the superior hierarchy. The clown-image, as it exists in the popular mind, is thus paradoxical, for the clown whose heart is not secretly sad underneath his motley is, to that mind, by so much less a clown.

It would seem, as a matter of fact, that there is something intrinsically tragic in being, as it were, a priest of pleasure: the clown appears to share this doom no less surely than the courtesan, for the reason that in addition to those "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which, just because clowns are human beings, inevitably reach their mark, there are poisoned darts reserved for him alone. To grow old, to grow stiff, to grow feeble, must have for him a poignancy unknown to others, because youth, strength, nimbleness, are the very tools of his trade. No class is more cruel, fickle, forgetful, than the seekers after mere entertainment and pleasure: this may be known theoretically by every one, but it becomes bitter experience to prize fighters, ball players and clowns who overstay their period of highest efficiency and outlast their welcome, so certain it is that if they overstay their moment "hatred's swift repulsions play."

I do not know why it should be so, but there is often some dreadful, macabre element in the way in which clowns' lives end. Three instances of this occur to me: the first great American clown died from the effects of poison in the whitening he used on his face, for he lived before the days of grease paint: a no less famous successor, the children's idol, died alone, unheeded, neglected, in direful poverty, almost under the shadow of the place of his former popularity, and a third well-known clown, confined to an insane asylum, and denied all means of self-destruction, turned half back somersaults against an iron steam radiator until he succeeded in fracturing his skull, committing suicide in this strange way.

In the jargon of modern psychology the clown is, in the last analysis, the embodiment and dramatization—burlesqued if you will—of the introvert, the lonely soul, the John-O-Dreams. Toto looking for his lost leg in his inside pocket is the symbol of this order of introspection, and the final episode of "The Circus" is utterly in character with this view of clown psychology. We see the insignificant and forlorn figure of the play's protagonist, alone, abandoned, in the midst of the stripped and deserted circus grounds, with no possessions but his memories and his dreams; presently he steps out, recedes, diminishes, and we know that by his nature he is inexorably doomed to chase the horizon beyond which he finally disappears.

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The Trend of Events

Oil and Some Action

ONCE upon a time Big Business was in bad odor. That was in the Roosevelt era—including the first term of Woodrow Wilson. Standard Oil was regarded as the typical Octopus of Trade. The people were indignant at the practices of predatory wealth. The Government was again and again invoked to force so-called "trusts" into the paths of righteousness. Now all that is changed. Editors of the daily press make note of the revolution. Today it is the great corporations that hold to higher standards of business morality than their stockholders. It is the great corporations that are more effective in compelling the observance of ethical laws in the market place than the Government itself.

This is the all but universal conclusion, stated variously, that the newspapers of the country come to after contemplation of the successful effort of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to oust from the chairmanship of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana the redoubtable Colonel Robert W. Stewart. Some commentators and reporters were skeptical of Mr. Rockefeller's intention to make his word good. They still harbored the old idea that men of wealth have no standards but those of wealth. Some sentimentalized over Colonel Stewart as a martyr. But the Stewart-Rockefeller contest has so dramatized the struggle between the old business ideas and the new that the apologists for the old and the professional cynics have become pretty well discredited. The press calls the outcome a sound lesson to the business world; but it is equally a lesson to the press. The Senate never really made clear to the country the story of the Continental Trading Company. It was too much concerned with the politics of the oil scandal and with preserving its own dignity from the affront of a recalcitrant witness to focus the attention of the country upon the Continental deal itself. What the Senate failed to do Big Business following the lead of Mr. Rockefeller did. The majority of little stockholders—in face of the revelations—stuck by the man who had been delivering them dividends. But Big Business with the aid of a minority of little stockholders brought the heaviest battalions up on the side of honesty and candor—and won. And for the first time the press hails a moral victory for Big Business—and, *mirabile dictu*, for oil. It is safe to predict that not till the memory of this fight wanes will the country listen with patience to the denunciation of business merely on the ground that it is big.

Oil furnished the setting for this drama. And oil furnished the occasion for the first dramatic action of the Hoover Administration. When President Hoover announced that without Congressional authority there would be no more leases of oil lands on the public domain—except those already agreed to by the Government—he apparently convinced the last doubter among editors that he was to be a man of action and initiative. And when he followed his oil lease announcement with the announcement, issued in the name of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, that hereafter all income tax refunds above $20,000 would be made public he aroused even in the breasts of partisan opponents something bordering upon enthusiasm. In less than a fortnight President Hoover has convinced the country that the promised new era in Federal administration is actually here.

Underwood

COL. STEWART'S SUCCESSOR

Edward G. Seubert, new head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana

It is not one act, however, but a series of acts that has led some editors to prophesy, perhaps with a sense of their own rashness, that the country is going to enjoy an experience of stimulation something like that which it had from the forthright and decisive Administration of Theodore Roosevelt. There is, it is true, no hint that the personality of Hoover resembles that of Roosevelt. Indeed the analogy is not often specifically drawn. But there is something Rooseveltian in the effect made upon the press by President Hoover's prompt, positive, aggressive and sure-footed tackling of problems.

There was first the puzzle presented by the sudden and unheralded insurrection in Mexico. That seemed timed to challenge the new President before he got started. It broke out on the very day he was inaugurated. What would Hoover do? Would he let Mexico stew in her own seething juice? Would he lecture Mexico and try to make her behave? He did neither. Quietly, but without hesitation, he adopted a definite policy—arms for the Government of Mexico but an embargo for the insurgents. He acted but he did not explain. He left the explaining to the editors and they have done it valiantly for him. Some have explained that the Calles régime and its heir, the régime of Portes Gil, have been really trying with some success to improve conditions, and it is in accord with liberal views to withhold aid from the Mexican Government's enemies. Others have explained that this upheaval is only another effort of one set of military chieftains to wrest power from another set, and it is a salutary lesson to make it known that the United States does not countenance such selfish defiance of law and order. Still others have explained that Hoover's action is a continuance of the Wilson policy regarding Mexico and will avoid intervention if it proves, as seems likely, that Hoover has bet on the right horse. Finally others have explained that Hoover has simply acted in accord with the sound practice of nations, that the insurgents have done nothing to establish their standing as belligerents under international law, and that the only force entitled to receive munitions under the sanction of our law is the Government we have recognized and with which we have friendly relations. The explanations may vary but the approval is hearty and united.

Hard on the heels of the Mexican decision came other decisions as definite

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Weed in the New York Evening World

"Mercy me!"

and as welcome. Nothing but praise is accorded to Mr. Hoover not only for his death-dealing blow to the Unofficial Spokesman, already in a coma from neglect by Mr. Coolidge, but even more for his readiness on occasion to be quoted, and still more for his plan to form a small committee of correspondents to formulate a policy, in consultation with him, for the discreet and yet candid report of the President's views. Then, wonder of wonders, came the effect of the President's consultation with the high priests of the protective tariff. Not only has Senator Smoot accepted the Presidential dictum that there shall be no general raising of the duties on manufactured articles, but Mr. Grundy of Pennsylvania, spokesman of all those who want the tariff wall built higher, as the "New York Times" puts it, "bows to the rod" in Mr. Hoover's hands. Even the decision to leave out the Hoovercrats of the South in appointments to high office is accepted with better grace than might have been expected. The charitable, and probably true, explanation is not resented that Mr. Hoover has deliberately ignored geographical considerations in his search for men of merit. Editors as a rule are not very sympathetic with the politically hungry who line up in front of the pie counter.

While making such decisions, Mr. Hoover has won admiration for his direct and unmistakable support of Mr. Root's proposal for removing the obstacle to our entrance into the World Court. Only the most irreconcilable of the irreconcilables are peevish about that, and even their remonstrance is couched in such a form as to be a tribute to the effectiveness of Mr. Hoover's decision. Yes; even the irreconcilables are now almost resigned if not reconciled to the certainty that we shall be in the Court some day.

And then to cap the climax came the oil decision. Approval of that amounts to a chorale of praise. It may be extra-legal. What of that if it is good for the country? It is certainly not illegal and really carries out the spirit of the law. It will shut the door against any further possibility of oil scandals. It preserves the oil we have. It raises from the dead the old spirit of Rooseveltian Conservation. It will help to check overproduction. It serves as a good example to reckless private enterprise. And it places squarely upon Congress, which has been very censorious about oil, the responsibility for any further withdrawal of oil from the public domain. Altogether with that one stone Mr. Hoover has squarely hit several birds.

If well begun is half done, Mr. Hoover has already reached the halfway mark on his road to public approval and confidence.

▸▸*Government Oil Lands*

President Hoover's new oil conservation policy extends far beyond such reserves as Teapot Dome and Elk Hills whose leasing to the Sinclair and Doheny interests caused the oil scandals. It extends to the whole public domain.

Under the system affecting the public domain there has been a veritable Klondike orgy of "wildcatting." There has been an average of five thousand applications a year from people who wanted to drill for oil on Government

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

Not everybody's cake

Cargill in the Providence News

The better with which to eat you, my dear

lands. Of the forty thousand permits granted about twenty thousand are outstanding. The area affected by the Act of 1920 under which these permits had been granted includes 190,000,000 acres of the public domain within the forty-eight States, 350,000,000 acres in Alaska, and 150,000,000 acres of National forest. Not all of this land is oil-bearing, but no one knows how much may be. Oil from the public domain totals one tenth of the annual National production.

Up to five years ago production of oil in the United States was 62 per cent of the world output and since then has averaged 70 per cent. And yet of the world's petroleum reserve the United States has only 15 per cent. For the past five or six years there has been constant overproduction, demoralization of the market, and cut-throat competition. Efforts to persuade private producers to an agreement on restriction of output have failed. The Government has not been blameless. It has not insisted on a policy of hoarding or permitted such modification of the anti-trust laws as would permit such agreement. President Coolidge submitted a suggestion that something be done, but with that seemed to feel he had discharged his responsibility. A few years ago Dr. Hubert Work, then Secretary of the Interior, served sharp notice that Government intervention was a possibility. Mr. Hoover was familiar with this history when he served on the Federal Oil Conservation Board. The oil industry has not put its house in order.

Although since the days of Franklin K. Lane, President Wilson's Secretary of the Interior, who helped to put the

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leasing law through Congress, the United States Government has not been so reckless as it was in the early days, it is after all the Government that has failed to call a halt. This, then, is the situation that has led President Hoover to decide that there would be no further sale or leasing of Government oil lands except where such a course is mandatory by law. "In other words," the President announced, "there will be complete conservation of Government oil in this Administration."

▸▸*The Government Sets a New Example*

IF THE HOOVER oil policy is to be effective, President Hoover must undertake to force or persuade private industry to follow the Government's example. Whether the Hoover pronunciamento had that as its intent, there are indications that it may have that result. The President is fortunate in having as supporters and advisers men prominent in private development in California and the Southwest. Such are Mark Requa of Hoover's native State and J. F. Lucey of Texas. Since only one tenth of the Nation's supply of petroleum comes from the public domain, and the President's new program will affect only one half of the wells on the public domain, it is obvious that the announcements made by Mr. Hoover and the ensuing action can be only a beginning. It will have to be followed by action affecting production on other lands.

There has been opposition. Senator Walsh of Montana, who led the onslaught on the Government for leasing naval oil lands, has, ironically enough, become the chief critic of the Hoover policy of stopping leases of oil lands on the public domain. It happens that Senator Walsh's State has experienced little oil development, and Senator Walsh fears that the Hoover policy will deprive Montana of its subsoil resources. His protest, however, has resulted in the announcement that every effort will be made to prevent hardship on would-be and actual oil operators. Wherever a permittee has expended money in a sincere attempt to drill, the permit will not be revoked, and if the permittee strikes oil he will get a lease. The Government will authorize drilling wherever existing enterprises may drain off Government oil through adjacent lands. It is said that this danger is not great on the public domain, because of its great extent.

"Oil," declared Clemenceau at one time, "is as necessary as blood in the battles of tomorrow." And Lord Curzon remarked after the War that "the Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil." A supply of oil not subject to foreign control would seem to be essential for National protection. Moreover, deprived of a domestic source, Uncle Sam might feel compelled to go forth into the markets of the world as a despised beggar or a hated imperialistic bull-dozer. Oil conservation is something more than a policy of mere economy.

Oil may be secured from lignite. This the Germans have found to be practicable. Perhaps chemistry may thus break the oleaginous bonds that now entwine Uncle Sam and free the Nation's heads of their worry over the future of oil.

Wide World

ANOTHER SPEED RECORD VICTIM

Lee Bible who was killed at Daytona Beach, Florida while endeavoring to lower Major Segrave's mark

▸▸*To Spy or Not to Spy*

THOSE TWO REDOUBTABLE champions of law and order who contributed so vocally to President Hoover's election—Senator William E. Borah and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt—are at odds. Because of the policies and personalities involved, their controversy over the espionage system introduced in Federal prisons by the aggressive Assistant Attorney-General makes it one of the significant and spectacular clashes of the new Administration. Even more important, perhaps, is the question whether this kind of check-up shall become a settled policy and possibly be expanded as seeming justification arises in other government activities.

The whole situation appears to be another heritage from the Harding Administration, when, it is generally admitted, the administration of the Federal penal system was frequently placed in incapable hands. In an effort to discover the causes for the lax conduct of certain penitentiaries, Mrs. Willebrandt placed a Federal agent in Atlanta in the guise of a prisoner. For concealment of his identity from prison officials and inmates it was felt necessary to comm the "spy" in the usual criminal manne commitment papers were obtained fr a Federal judge in Detroit with sc pulous regard for the sanctity of le form. The spy's mission was to get formation on actual conditions by servation from the inside looking and by mingling with the more p manent guests of the institution. Ward en Snook fired the agent out of Atlant as soon as his untrue stripes became known and protested against the system as a slight to him, an abuse of administrative authority and a harmful influence within prison walls. The dispute dragged for months, but Snook was eventually dismissed "because of an utter want of administrative ability," to use Mrs. Willebrandt's words.

Since Snook hails from Idaho, Senator Borah was inevitably drawn into the case, although, characteristically, he bases his intervention on a high plane. In his opinion, the "spy" system is all wrong. He maintains that the proper course to pursue is to discharge a warden in whom his superiors have lost confidence rather than subject a government official and institution to espionage. The Senator contends that Mrs. Willebrandt's methods tend to undermine prison officials' trust in the Government and "demoralize" the prisoners. Moreover, he condemns the necessity of obtaining "fake" commitment papers and vows that he would vote to impeach a judge acquiescing in the practice.

But "this system seems the only way at present to find the facts necessary to keep conditions wholesome in the penitentiaries," asserts Mrs. Willebrandt. She insists it has been "fairly and equitably applied," although she hastens to disavow inspiration for it. In accepting Snook's resignation, Attorney-General Mitchell indicates that he upholds his subordinate, at least in the present instance.

Many members of Congress share

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Senator Borah's abhorrence of espionage, as practiced by several branches of the Government, but they concede that it is a practicable way of obtaining "inside" information inaccessible to a formal board of inquiry. It is evident, too, that a penitentiary cannot be conducted with the same gentility and delicacy that prevails in a sorority house. It is pointed out that in wise and sensible hands this "under-cover" activity need not be evil in purpose or practice. Nevertheless, it s admitted, impliedly even by Mrs. Villebrandt, that the human equation ight easily prove a more disturbing actor than facts. An agent might find easy to become an *agent provocateur*. He might conceivably choose to discover what he thought his superiors wanted him to get, or color his findings to fit preconceived notions. His margin f mistaken impressions, it appears, ould be equal only to the amount of sinformation he might receive from onvicts bearing bitter grievances against the visible and immediate symbols of their punishment.

▸▸*In the Days of the Flood*

It is natural that the recent discoveries in Mesopotamia should be connected with the Biblical narrative. They do in fact have relation to the time of Abraham, (who, in the one Bible reference to Ur, is said to have lived there) and to the life and customs of that day. Professor C. L. Woolley of the University of Pennsylvania now takes us back far behind the days of Abraham to those of "Noah"—that is, to the time of a great disastrous flood in the neighborhood of what was later Ur. That the tradition of this flood may well have led to the story of Noah and his ark is quite probable. The present generally accepted theory of the Deluge story is that it was based on some such very ancient flood; and of course the Biblical story-teller, knowing very little of geography, assumed in hyperbole that the whole surface of the earth was covered by the waters.

A singular result of the study of Mesopotamia's ancient civilization explains Abraham's apparent cruelty in letting his wife Sarah drive the handmaiden Hagar into the wilderness, where she bore Ishmael. Professor Woolley finds that the Sumerian law permitted the master to have children by a servant but also permitted the man's wife, if the maid showed rancor, to deal with her as she saw fit.

The proof of the great flood was found in a deposit of eight feet of clay, far below the surface, in which no sign of human life existed, while beneath it were evidences of a quite different civilization from that shown in the upper deposits. The deduction of widespread destruction as by a flood, of the passing by of centuries and then of the appearance of a new civilization, seems clear and convincing.

Underwood

ENGLISH RECORD-BREAKER

Major Segrave who recently set a new world's mark of 231.36 miles an hour in his Golden Arrow car on Daytona Beach, Florida

It is pointed out that all of the evidence from the remarkable archæological finds of Professor Woolley and the University of Pennsylvania expedition confirms the belief, now held by all but ultra-literalists, that not generations but many thousands of years passed between the existence of the first intelligent human beings and the beginnings of recorded history.

▸▸*Headless Tammany*

Tammany's big chief, Judge Olvany, has resigned his office as leader of the hall. Judge Olvany gives as the reason for his resignation the statement that his health requires his retirement.

The New York press is apparently not satisfied that this statement contains the whole of the truth in the matter. The explanations offered for this resignation are so numerous and so contradictory that the chances are no one knows the real reason for the resignation except a few insiders. Ex-Governor Smith professes blissful ignorance. Governor Roosevelt (who is no Tammany man but yet calls Judge Olvany "a very old friend of mine") appears to be equally in the dark. Mayor Walker has nothing to offer even though there is a general consensus that Judge Olvany's resignation has something to do with the forthcoming New York mayoralty contest in which Mayor Walker hopes to figure again as a successful candidate. There is talk that the Judge is resigning because the Hall is dissatisfied with the showing made by Tammany in the last Presidential election.

Of all these reasons and many others readers, for the present at least, may take their choice.

▸▸*The Self-Starting Airplane*

The Spaniard, Cierva, who invented the distinctive autogyro type of airplane whose four wings revolve like a windmill and flap slightly, and which is capable of alighting in a small space unlike the ordinary type of airplane, has now hit upon a simple but ingenious method of taking off from an equally limited space of ground. He merely deflects the air currents from his propeller against the windmill wings and thus gets them spinning rapidly. When they are spinning thus it is possible for the plane to leave the earth at the same abrupt steep angle at which it is possible, and safe, to alight on it.

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Now that an American airplane builder is to produce the Cierva autogyro in this country we shall doubtless hear and see more of it. To call it a helicopter was at first natural because its four crossed wings, rotating like a windmill turned on its side, resembled those of a helicopter. However, the newspapers have now stopped making this technical blunder and it has become quite widely known that the autogyro operates on a wholly different principle—one which it is difficult to explain without becoming obnoxiously technical. Suffice it here to say, it works.

Any one who reads the journals of aviation—which, by the way, are already increasing in numbers in proportion to the rise of popular interest in aviation—will discover no tendency to regard the Cierva plane as a short-lived freak. It is indeed a freak, but it is taken seriously by aeronautical engineers. Like most new things it is not perfect yet, and one defect has been the necessity of starting the "windmill" before flight could begin, a feat performed by several men pulling a rope on a drum attached to its wing, exactly as a boy starts a top with a string. As the autogyro carries a normal airplane propeller in addition to its horizontal windmill wings, Cierva has found that the former could start the latter merely by being made to blow on them. By means of this simple "assist" the plane almost hoists itself with its own bootstraps. Before long we shall no doubt all see our first autogyro.

Extraterritorial Oases

THE PROHIBITION CONTROVERSY seems to be taking on many forms in many places. Not only has the passage of the Jones Act thrown a scare into bootleggers which has caused a marked rise in the price of their wares in many communities but for the first time there seems to be a widespread impression that the National Government, when it talks of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment, means business.

The question of wines and liquors in the embassies and legations at Washington appears to be the cause of some disturbance. Of course foreign embassies are foreign soil and prohibition laws do not apply within their walls. But liquor and wines for use in the embassies must be transported over American territory before it reaches embassy cellars. Heretofore alcoholic beverages have been transported from the water-front of New York and Baltimore to Washington in motor trucks. The possibility arises that the Government may require that these trucks be owned by the embassies and driven by persons officially connected with them. Such an arrangement would still further increase the cost of such shipment. The "New York Times" says of the present arrangement:

"Much red tape is necessary for a diplomatic officer in Washington to obtain a shipment of liquor. If an embassy orders a shipment from Europe, the Ambassador must notify the Secretary of State that he is expecting the shipment on a certain date by a certain steamship. The letter must specify what the consignment contains. The Secretary of State thereupon forwards a copy of the Ambassador's letter to the Secretary of the Treasury who in turn notifies the Collector of Customs to pass the consignment without examination, and permit it to be taken away by a representative of the Embassy."

One Ambassador is quoted as saying that if the United States government would make a formal objection to liquor importation he would be glad to discontinue serving wines at social functions. Others have said that they would not object to the abandonment of the privilege of bringing liquor into the capital as it would save them from considerable expense. In any case, there seems to be no real excuse for the Government to attempt to restrict historic privileges and rights.

Wide World

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

Newton D. Baker, Mr. Wilson's Secretary of War, being decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal by Secretary of War James W. Good, for his work "behind the lines"

▸▸*Mussolini in the News*

THE NAME of Mussolini is rarely absent from the heads of American newspaper columns. The versatility of his publicity is extraordinary.

Two items appear in the paper before us: one is the boast that Mussolini has stabilized the lira and reduced the floating debt by eight billion lira. The other is the Decalogue of the young Fascist. We quote a few of these ten commandments:

"1. Know thou that the Fascist, and especially the militia member, should not believe in perpetual peace.

"2. Days in prison are always merited.

"3. One serves one's fatherland even by standing guard over a gasoline tank.

"8. Mussolini is always right.

"10. One thing should be dear to thee above all: the life of the Duce."

It is not stated positively that Il Duce wrote these. One might suppose so, yet it is hard to believe that he could put 8 and 10 so near the end.

▸▸*Chief Justice Taft Overruled*

WHEN CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT swore in Mr. Hoover as President of the United States he made a slip in quoting the Constitutional oath, but out of the hundred million people in the United States (more or less) who listened in on the inaugural ceremonies over the radio but one person, a thirteen-year-old school girl of Walden, New York, caught the Chief Justice's error. Helen Terwiller, an eighth-grade pupil, wrote to the Chief Justice pointing out that instead of saying "preserve, protect and defend" Mr. Taft has used the phrase "preserve, maintain and defend." Chief Justice Taft admitted that he had made

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a mistake but claimed that what he really said was "preserve, maintain and protect."

But Helen had a convincing witness to the accuracy of her hearing for when the sound movies of the inaugural were shown this unimpeachable record quoted the Chief Justice as saying "preserve, maintain and defend." All this goes to show that with the aid of modern science the world has come to have ears as numerous as the eyes of Argus. It behooves statesmen to watch their words.

The story goes of a Canadian statesman who a number of years ago delivered an address in Greek. A reporter wrote of the address, "Not once in a speech of over half an hour did Mr. Blank make a single error in grammar, pronunciation or accent." "How could you tell?" asked an inquisitive friend. "You don't know any Greek yourself." "Of course I don't," said the unabashed reporter, "but I do know politics."

Had that same address been delivered today the statesman might have had a larger and less kindly audience. Cablegrams from Buenos Ayres or Zanzibar might have taken him to task for mutilating the language of Aristotle.

Capitalism and War

Is business competition for the markets of the world one of the most effective causes of war? Socialists and Communists argue that it is. The Russian Soviet Government pins its hope for a world revolution upon the belief that capitalistic nations in the scramble for markets are bound to clash in arms. But if recent events in international commerce and credit indicate anything, they indicate exactly the opposite.

Here, for instance, are two of the greatest corporations in the world, both engaged in the manufacture of automobiles, the Ford Company and General Motors. It is plain that the competition between them for a world automobile market is going to be fierce. Both these corporations are American in origin. But what has happened? Instead of identifying themselves with the United States in struggling with automobile companies in other countries, they are both becoming internationalized. Ford plants already dot the European scene. Ford has not only put plants into Canada and Great Britain, but has begun building individual plants in various other countries. These are organized separately from the American and Canadian plants. But these Ford plants abroad have a very vital connection with the Ford Company here.

Combatting these plants the General Motors Corporation has established an alliance with the Adam Opel Company of Germany. Already the Opel plant turns out more cars than any other German concern. Though the Opel company remains nominally distinct from General Motors, the two companies are to be coordinated. According to a statement made by the President of General Motors, there are employed in the Opel plant approximately 12,000 operatives. "This event," said Mr. Sloane, "marks a transition of General Motors into an international manufacturing as well as distributing organization." At twenty-four strategic centers of world trade General Motors "now has subsidiary operations assembling cars and trucks and selling them through 6,000 distributors and dealers in more than 100 countries, from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Bombay, India, from Madrid, Spain, to Alexandria, Egypt."

Automobile competition is thus transcending national boundaries. The interest of every stock holder in the Ford Company or in General Motors is bound up with the interest of stockholders in all these countries. And this is just a beginning. Political rivalry has ceased to mean business competition.

Thus in one field there has been recently furnished an extraordinary example of the truth of what Professor Shotwell said recently in the Outlook and Independent—that the "same process which has brought peace within the nation is destined, in the coming era, to bring peace between nations;" that "mass production supplants the one-handed competition of the earlier days and transcends political frontiers in spite of all obstacles."

Remarkable Remarks

The ways of Providence are often beyond our understanding.—Calvin Coolidge.

There is arising a strong conviction that man makes his own heaven and his own hell. — Rev. Charles Francis Brisbane.

The world may be a pig-sty in which to seek as many pleasant sensations as we can find.—Rev. Samuel M. Schoemaker, Jr.

First wealth, then at your leisure, and no hurry about it, art. — Arthur Brisbane.

Any man who takes his wife to live with his mother has simply gone out to look for trouble.—Dorothy Dix.

It is one of woman's ancient privileges to be knocked about. They like it.—Beverley Nichols.

The right to nag is one of the consolations of matrimony. — Dr. Will Durant.

The pressure of economic necessity is really a blessing.—Rev. Dr. James Hardy Bennett.

To the victor belong the oils.—Colonel Coblentz.

If people would value the simple things in life more, the country would be better off.—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

War and Credit

Events in business within the last week have gone further to substantiate Professor Shotwell's statement that "the world of credit is a world of peace."

The General Electric Company, Ltd. of Great Britain announced recently that new shares which it was about to issue would not be available for American shareholders. There was at once an outcry. In his financial article in the Outlook and Independent Mr. Gammack has discussed this action both last week and this week. So pronounced was the objection that the plans of this British company have been changed. It is clear that in these days it is impossible to keep a great corporation purely national in its ownership. Credit is so fluid that ownership in shares can be transferred without any corresponding transfer of wealth except that which is represented by credit. Every stockholder in General Electric, Ltd., has an interest that transcends national boundaries because credit transcends them.

So obvious is this that the group of economists and bankers who are gathered to study reparations have almost come to the conclusion that international credit is too great for any government or set of governments individually to control, and that the outcome of their deliberations may be an international financial institution which will virtually control throughout the world international exchange. If this should come into being, gold credits

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would be beyond the reach of the control of any one nation or two nations as virtually at present. Of course, no such institution is visible yet above the horizon, but it may appear before it is really expected. If such an institution should come into being, it would be as a matter of self-defense for every nation as against the present dangers to its currency. In other words, international business and international credit are forcing nations into a community of interest to which war would be equally a community of calamity.

Big Business through mass production and international credit is thus becoming the greatest obstacle to Communism because it is the greatest obstacle to the fertilizer of Communism—international war.

▸▸*Railroad News*

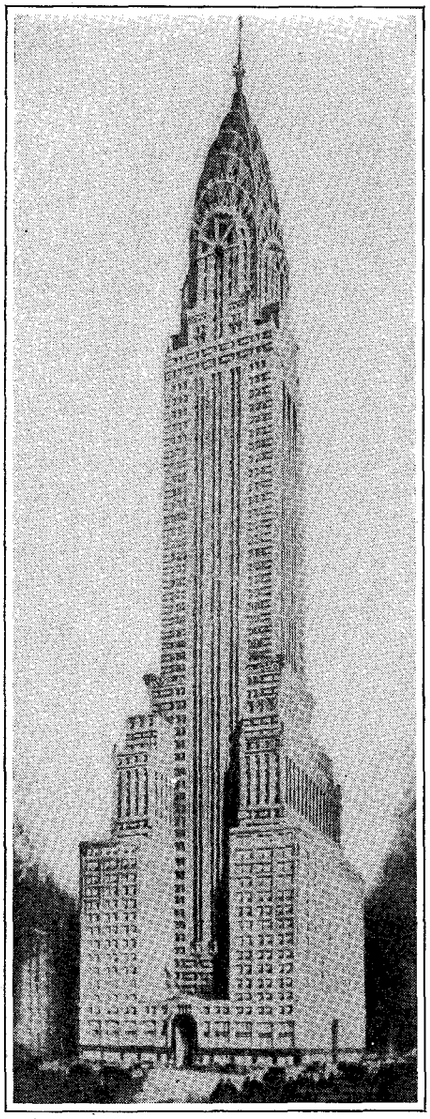
IT IS EASY to imagine Mr. Patrick E. Crowley of the New York Central and Mr. Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio passing the wink when they read the Interstate Commerce Commission's order requiring them to sell their holdings of Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad stock. The order was anticipated by some two weeks through the sale of those shares of Wheeling to the Alleghany Corporation, an investment company recently organized by the celebrated Van Sweringen brothers. The sale conveniently relieves the Central and B. & O. from further efforts to avoid prosecution under the Clayton Act for holding control of the Wheeling in a way that might restrict competition.

The Van Sweringens's Nickel Plate Railroad, however, owning an equal block of Wheeling shares, must dispose of it now in a manner approved by the Commission. Most likely it will be turned over to the Alleghany Corporation, a convenient repository for railroad shares that might be wanted later in rounding out Eastern consolidation plans. It is a technical evasion of the law, practiced similarly by the Pennsylvania Railroad with its holding company, the Pennsylvania Company, and an evasion that the Commission apparently cannot block.

The importance of the Wheeling & Lake Erie has been exaggerated since the Taplins of Cleveland initiated their plan for an independent coal route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic via Wheeling, Pittsburgh & West Virginia, and Western Maryland. The trunk lines have had a stormy time so far in trying to block that plan disrupting their dream of all-inclusive systems. The nuisance value created by the Pittsburgh line is high.

▸▸*The Campaign in Mexico*

THE LARGEST FORCE of fighting men brought together for one battle in Mexico since the time of the dictator Diaz was concentrated by the Mexican Government against the rebels in Torreon. That, more than the actual progress of the campaign, was the significant development in Mexico's new civil war.



Acme

WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDING

Architect's drawing of the Chrysler Building which is to be erected at 43rd Street and Lexington Avenue, New York. It will be 68 stories high

Almost from the outbreak of the rebellion, it was apparent that power rested with the federal forces led by the recently retired President, General Calles. The administration of the temporary President, Portes Gil, was not seriously disturbed. So confident was it of security and success that it guaranteed amnesty to all soldiers and officers below the higher ranks of command who return to their allegiance to the Government. Rumors of defections and mutinies on the part of rebel forces have been frequent, so that the offer of amnesty seems to have had the desired effect.

The first move in federal strategy was to clear up the situation between the port of Vera Cruz and the capital, and so to safeguard communications with the Gulf. The rebel army there broke up before the federal advance. Its commander, General J. M. Aguirre, fled southward, under close pursuit. General Simon Aguirre and five other officers who fell captive to federal troops, were immediately before a court-martial that sent them to execution at the hands of a firing squad.

Meanwhile General Calles turned his chief attention to a drive against the main body of the rebels in northern and western Mexico. One army subordinate to him reported capture of the important State capital of Durango, as part of the federal plan to move on Torreon and drive the largest rebel contingent, concentrated there under General Escobar, northward into Chihuahua and toward the Rio Grande.

▸▸*Arms and Men*

THE CHANCE that armaments may be cut down is scheduled for discussion again by the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations in Geneva, beginning the middle of April. The interest of statesmen, and of every one else who would like to see the cost and risk of armaments reduced, centers in the question of whether the Pact of Paris for renunciation of war has made the task of disarmament any easier.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, lately stirred up considerable feeling by a remark in the course of a speech at Geneva during the last gathering of the League Council, to the effect that the Briand-Kellogg Pact would have little effect on the policy of nations concerning their armaments. Labor and Liberal spokesmen in England have objected to Sir Austen's statement; and most recently Ramsay MacDonald has declared that merely to hold up your hand for peace is not enough. But no

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Underwood

IRELAND'S NEW ENVOY

Michael MacWhite, newly appointed Minister to the United States from the Irish Free State who has recently arrived in Washington

positive suggestion has been made in answer to the Conservative leader.

Now John W. Davis, formerly Ambassador to London, has come forward on the American side with an article in the quarterly review "Foreign Affairs" on "Anglo-American Relations and Sea Power." He urges that the United States should take part in international plans to realize the purposes of the Pact of Paris, agreeing with Sir Austen Chamberlain and other European diplomatists that the Pact as it stands is not a sufficient guaranty of peace to warrant any broad program of disarmament. He further suggests that the American and British fleets should be used as forces for peace rather than as national armaments for war, and that steps be taken to insure that whenever possible they shall act together in case of need. What attitude the governments may take remains to be seen; but it is certain that such a principle would go far to remove the grounds of British contentions for the right of blockade and of search on the high seas and of American objections to the British action on these principles.

Meanwhile, Mr. Davis's proposals have met with a reception in the British press that indicates a highly favorable attitude of public opinion.

▸▸*The Waters Rise*

CRUEL MEMORIES of a year ago have been revived in Alabama where the first serious floods of the year inundated Coffee County in the southeastern corner of the State, and caused the deaths of at least thirteen persons. Elba, the county seat, which lies at the confluence of the Pea River and White Water Creek, suffered most. There the dramatic suddenness of the waters' rise early on the morning of March 14 left no time to evacuate the inhabitants. The entire population of the town was caught and forced to seek safety upon roofs and in trees. Fortunately, the waters did not reach the tops of the higher houses.

Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama ordered out the National Guard for emergency service, and prompt rescue measures were effective in keeping down the loss of life. Airplanes were also pressed into service to drop provisions and clothing to the marooned householders, many of whom had no nourishment whatever for forty-eight hours. One of the most pitiful scenes was laid in the Elba Consolidated School where 250 pupils with their teachers remained from Thursday until Saturday when they were finally rescued.

Brewton, Garland and other communities in the southwestern sector were also caught in the floods which had swollen Murder and Burnt Corn creeks. All of them were completely inundated. Although the waters had receded by Monday, the need for aid was still pressing. Governor Graves has sent out a call for $250,000 to take care of immediate necessities and to begin work of rehabilitation.

Grave fears are also felt for towns along the Mississippi. Already the great river has risen in Illinois, and the Missouri is also reported to be rising.

President Hoover, experienced in flood relief, has started mobilizing the resources of the Red Cross.

▸▸*Air Mail on the Fly*

SOME WEEKS AGO we noted the prediction of Assistant Postmaster-General W. Irving Glover that within five years all first-class mail would be carried by air. Looking forward to this development is the plan of Representative Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania to secure Congressional sanction for dropping mail sacks from planes at cities where no regular stop is scheduled. According to Mr. Kelly the Post Office Department is now working on a device to catch the dropped mail bag, and aviation companies are considering ways and means of delivering sacks to planes in flight. If the mechanical difficulties are worked out, Mr. Kelly believes, a postal clerk will travel with the air mail, and every cockpit will become an aerial post office. Mail for cities which have no direct service at present will be speeded by hours if the plan is put into practice.

▸▸*Weather at the South Pole*

A PRACTICAL and valuable result of the Antarctic exploration now going on may be to establish weather observation stations. Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins now in this country, after an eventful six months in the Far South, to be repeated next winter and spring, tells definitely just what may be done in enlarging the world's knowledge of storms, winds and forecasts.

It is proposed to establish an international weather station in the Antarctic with twelve points of observation. It may take twelve or fifteen years to get it in full operation, but that is a matter of organization and financing. Captain Wilkins foretells a day not only when wireless reports from the Antarctic will make weather prediction far more accurate than it now is, but also when

Wide World

ANTARCTIC EXPLORER AND FIANCEE

Sir George Hubert Wilkins leader of the Hearst-Wilkins Antarctic Expedition is met by his fiancee, Miss Suzanne Bennett, on his return to New York

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the resulting forecasting of seasonal changes will influence price conditions of crops and hence of "beef and overcoats and everything that the average individual requires."

Meanwhile, geographical and mineral knowledge of Antarctica is rapidly enlarging. The Byrd expedition reports that there is believed to be plenty of coal in the mountain regions they have viewed from the air; but it would be a bit optimistic to predict a coal trade with the South Pole, although coal is mined and shipped from Spitsbergen, which is nearer to the North Pole than is the Bay of Whales to the South Pole.

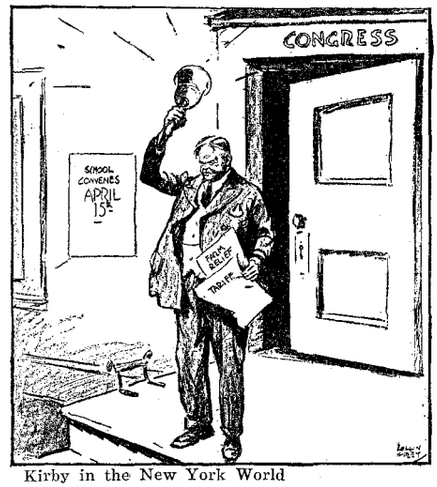
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHAT, we wonder, does Calvin Coolidge think of the promptitude with which President Hoover has swept out so many of the old-fashioned ideas that prevailed around the White House before the rainy "moving day" of March 4? As the dollar-a-word best seller pulls in the morning paper and pushes out the dog on the narrow porch of his Massachusetts villa, Mr. Coolidge, we suspect, must enjoy many a grim chuckle in thinking on those days when Mr. Hoover was assuring us that he would carry out the Coolidge policies. Well, as the ironic Vermonter might remark, he has carried them out . . .

In silent loyalty to his chief, we recall, Mr. Hoover endured abusive campaign criticism for his failure to censor by word or deed those responsible for the earlier and later oil leases to Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair. But almost his first act as President was to promulgate a new oil conservation policy, thus emphasizing his predecessor's neglect in this respect. Two of the very few resignations accepted by the new Chief Executive were those of underlings in the Department of the Interior, which was once presided over by Dr. Hubert Work, who was promoted to be Republican National Chairman and Mr. Hoover's campaign manager. The heads of the subordinates were chopped off, we understand, as an indication that Mr. Hoover condemned their legal opinions on the validity of some of the leases involved in the oil scandals. We hear Mr. Hoover thinks his new policy and belated visitation of penalty may have a salutary psychological effect. We admire him for his devotion to Mr. Coolidge and for his swiftness in closing the doors to the Nation's oil lands, but on every side we hear discussion of the friendliness and favoritism showered on Dr. Work, who, as head of the Department, was the man actually responsible for renewal of the Salt Creek lease to Harry F. Sinclair. Since the Salt Creek fields are infinitely more valuable than either Teapot Dome or Elk Hills, we learn that it would not be surprising, now that the day of reckoning has arrived, if Dr. Work were soon given a walking stick and papers.

We can hardly credit the report that Mr. Hoover may make Charles G. Dawes Ambassador to London or Paris, since this would be rank treason to Northampton's first citizen. But Senator Borah, who frequently smarted



Kirby in the New York World

The new teacher

under Mr. Coolidge's neglect, is deriving a small boy's glee in spreading the tale that such is the President's plan. Now, much as we like Dawes, as did official Washington when the hour arrived for him to leave, we recall that Mr. Coolidge thoroughly disliked his Vice President. On the eve of the Republican National Convention last June, Mr. Coolidge was publicly hoping the party would do nothing so foolish as to nominate Dawes for first place on the ticket. Four year ago, in an effort to prevent Dawes's nomination for Vice President, Coolidge's spokesman at Cleveland, William M. Butler, referred to the Illinoisian as "a crazy man." Mr. Coolidge caused wagging of the tongues here when he did not include Dawes among his guests at his farewell White House dinner. So we will not give credence to the rumor until the explosive Mr. Dawes orders his ambassadorial knee breeches and silver buckles.

Presidential relations with the press have been placed on a footing which Calvin would never have trod. Several bad blunders as well as his natural indecision influenced the former Presid to hold aloof from cordial and fran contact with our journalists. But Mr. Hoover, we note, permits the correspondents to encircle some of his state ments in the dreaded quotation marks.

If the crisp air of a modern business establishment has succeeded the casual and homesteady atmosphere of the Coolidge era, the transformation in the new Senate is quite as discernible. We wi gaze no more on the slender, wel groomed figure of seventy-year-ol James A. Reed of Missouri; we will more hear those silvery cadences o those daggerlike jibes. There are those who strive to console us with the thought that we shall see his like in our day. We doubt it. Some seek to cheer us by mentioning McKellar of Tennessee, but the dashing and beflowered Beau Brummel of the South has not got "it." He has infrequently exhibited a slashing style of attack, as against Secretary Mellon, the Shipping Board and similar windmills of parliamentary jousting; but for the most part he is pedestrian and molelike. He does not possess Reed's power of restraint, which was that of an artist; "Jim" often walked on the floor, wholly unprepared, as in the Charles Beecher Warren struggle, caught the situation in a glance and did his deadly work without taking his seat. There was drama just in his stride. He strode the Senate stage; McKellar pitpats. The Tennesseean is slick and smart and Washington's most eligible bachelor, age unknown, but he is not even a James A. Reed, Junior.

Who but Reed, a grim, tragic, disillusioned, elemental, irreconcilable spirit, would have departed from his friends of eighteen years and the lotus-like atmosphere that is official life at the National Capital with this snarl as his political epitaph:

"Do I mind leaving Washington?" He repeated the question and chewed at his cigar. "No! With an Englishman in the White House, an Indian in the Vice Presidency, a Mexican in the Senate and a Negro in the House, it's time for me to go back home."

A. F. C.

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Springfield, Missouri

The Professor Loses His Job

ANONYMOUS

There is a human factor in the struggle between liberalism and strict tradition in our colleges which often escapes the newspaper accounts. The Professor's Wife produces it here. Her simple, unadorned recital must appeal to many of our readers as at least a partial answer to the question: "What's wrong with our colleges?"

MY HUSBAND has lost his job. He doesn't know it yet, but it is true. Last Thursday he went away for a few days' rest and change, after the brain-drying activity of marking three hundred examination papers. And Friday came the letter from the dean's office. I opened it, thinking it contained some question which the roll-book would answer. "Careful consideration . . . interests involved . . . cannot recommend . . . for reappointment . . . year beginning next July . . . regretfully reached . . . service . . . next year . . ." Could I believe my eyes? Of course I knew that our college maintained the custom of annual reappointment of faculty members, thus ensuring its professors an annual period of suspense, and the college the easiest possible method of setting them adrift; but after eleven even not altogether harmonious years, such an announcement was a bolt out of the blue. I read the letter again; there was no mistake—father had lost his job.

Twenty-one years ago next June my husband left the Eastern university where he had earned his doctorate to take a post as professor in a Western college. We had been married two years, and there was a baby. The salary was to be $1,100, and, with Carl's mother, who was to live with us, we were a family of four. But we were young and ready to work, and I planned to turn my musical education to account. How bold we were! We bought a small house, putting all our little capital into it and making monthly payments out of the salary check. We worked and scrimped; every new piece of furniture was an event. But after six years the house was paid for, and, having an opportunity to let it, we dared to take a sabbatical year (without salary) and went to Harvard, where we hoped to supplement our house-rent income by subletting a room and tutoring the "gold coast." My husband took courses and browsed in the library; the two little children went to school and kindergarten, and I took music lessons. The year's outstanding deed of daring was the purchase of a beautiful small grand piano (on monthly payments).

That was a happy year, and at the end of it came an opportunity to go to a small college for women, at a salary of $2,000. The college was located in the near East, and we liked that feature, for we already entertained a dream of Europe in the distant future, and we were glad not to go far in the opposite direction. But two years were enough to convince us that that place was not one we should care to live and die in. When the suggestion came from an old friend who was going to Europe, that Carl take his very distinguished post for the year, we were glad to accept it and the furnished apartment that went with it, taking the year to look about a little and to see what openings we could find that would interest us. Two opportunities came at the end of the year, one in the Southwest, and one in an Eastern city. Of course, with our European complex, it was a foregone conclusion which we would accept. We packed our piano once more, sent for our goods and chattels, and established ourselves in one of the city's suburbs.

ALMOST at the outset a cloud appeared on the horizon. This was a denominational college, very conservative, extremely orthodox, and my husband's department is one in which it is difficult to maintain closed eyes and shut-in beliefs. Among colleagues in his branch of instruction he would be reckoned conservative; but was he enough so for this constituency? We had our moments of anxiety in that first year, which were reinforced by occasional presidential admonitions and suggestions, at that time meant to be helpful and friendly. We liked the president, Carl liked many of his colleagues, we appreciated the opportunities that the city offered, and we wanted to stay put. My husband did his best to adapt himself to the requirements of the situation as far as he could without altering his whole way of thinking and of teaching. His students liked him, and gave many proofs of their admiration and affection, but various little tokens went to show that he was not *persona grata* with the theological element. He was not the man, built in the image of his predecessor, for whom they were seeking, having forgotten that that very predecessor had in his time been tried for heresy.

If we had been as wise then as we are now we should certainly have recognized the signs and omens for what they were worth, have realized that one professor is nothing against a whole theological constituency, and have done our utmost to find another position; but the salary was good, as college salaries go, extension courses offered an opportunity to supplement it, and a family of six is not so easily mobile. We stayed on, through those dreadful war years when every one not a "hundred per center" was suspect, with a president growing ever more militant in his hatred of militarism in other countries, and fanatic in his zeal for an artificial cause. What we endured during those years! Carl was constantly being called on to explain some quotation of a quotation of a class utterance which had reached the executive attention. It was degrading in the extreme. But what would have become of the family if he had been asked to leave then? Theological differences being the real issue, pro-Germanism would have been played up to the utmost as the reason for his dismissal. And imagine an alleged pro-German finding a position in those days! We should have had all the difficulties and perhaps the failure of the other men who suffered for their unorthodox beliefs under a label of pro-German sympathies.

MIRACULOUSLY we survived the War. Some time later, when the trustees found another man to be the true prophet upon whom the mantle of the late lamented (and undeniably distinguished) former professor might with propriety descend, we crawled out from under it with relief inexpressible. The college had grown prodigiously in numbers; there was certainly room for two in the department, and we were willing that some one else should do the propheteering. (Excuse that, please. I am a little hysterical after three sleepless nights.)

For a time things seemed to be going smoothly; we did our part in wel-

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coming the newcomer, and rested for a while secure in a false peace, a peace that was not even an armistice. The administration had in its heart never forgiven us for surviving the War; it was only biding its time. New points of difference arose. A policy which puts growth in numbers, departments, material equipment ahead of all else is seldom compatible with the maintenance of the highest ideals of scholarship. My husband, with a number of other faculty members, made a determined stand against low standards and the easy giving of advanced degrees. He was often in the position of an obstacle to be got around or over. A square peg in a round hole, with the corners never seeming to wear down enough to let the hole feel quite comfortable. (There is undoubtedly something to be said in behalf of the hole, but I am naturally in sympathy with the peg.)

EVERLASTINGLY to the credit of our account with the college let it be placed that for the tenth year of my husband's tenure of his position he was granted leave of absence with half salary, and we realized our dream of Europe. The mark was at a low ebb. We let our pleasant suburban house, and went to Germany. That was a wonderful time. Carl attended lectures in a great university, and I had lessons from a celebrated teacher who was interested in my playing, and charged me an absurdly low price, which I could afford. The older children attended school, and the youngest learned to chatter German like a native. It was a memorable time, for me the first leisure in twenty years. Concerts, lectures and interesting friends filled the time that we could spare from our work. The year passed all too swiftly, and we were back at our old post, conscious again of that uncertain undercurrent which had gone unnoticed and unheard during our happy months abroad.

Partly from motives of economy we entered the two elder children last fall in their father's college, and now we have plenty of opportunity to get the student's viewpoint. "I don't think father's so advanced," said one of them the other day, after hearing his address before a student organization. "You should have heard the discussion we had in a freshman class today. One girl said she couldn't help believing in evolution, it seems so sensible. And Jimmy said he didn't believe in miracles, even if his father was a minister. People simply don't come to college nowadays with all the notions in their heads that their parents think they have. We had a peachy discussion while it lasted, but the instructor kept trying to stop it off. He needn't have been scared—the Dean told us lately that this is a liberal college; men of all denominations and even atheists are on the faculty. But when we try to thresh things out for ourselves a little, somebody's sure to try to stop us."

Saturday morning I went to the Dean. I don't know just what I expected from the interview, but I thought of him as a kind man. He is also a music lover and has always liked my playing. I thought perhaps they did not know that my husband's health just now is such that worry is dangerous, and that if they knew it some different arrangement could be planned. The Dean was kind, he was even moved by my distress, but said that the matter had been considered from all sides, and that such action, once taken by the presiding officer and the Dean, was irrevocable. I asked him if the proffer of assistance made in his letter meant that he had anything in view for us for another year (I myself would not dismiss a laundress without trying to get her another place), but he replied in the negative. He thought that with my husband's many good points, and with his scholarly new book lately out he would soon find a new position.

I spoke of the short notice—only four months, and a family of six depending on his salary. But he assured me that four months was really a long time, that college professors are sometimes removed with scarcely any notice. He declined to tell me the grounds for my husband's dismissal, though I urged him to do so. I know it can't be inefficiency as a teacher—his crowded courses prove the contrary too clearly. Probably something intangible and hard to present as a valid reason for action, such as "lack of sympathy with the administration."

I CAN GUESS why, after eleven years, this seems the proper moment to act. A new president is coming, and, John-the-Baptist-like, they are preparing the way for him. He is not entering our city, however, as Christ did Jerusalem, meek and lowly, and riding upon an ass. He is booted and spurred, he rides a coal-black charger, and brandishes from afar the whip with which he scourges vice and enforces virtue. One guesses that philosophy will not flourish under his régime. Loud piety will please him better than the open mind.

Undeniably it is time for us to go. My husband would be more a misfit than ever, though the truth is that his quality of mind is more than ever called for; it might be the only saving of the situation.

THIS IS February. March, April, May, June. What then? I would help if I could have a workable plan to present at the same time with this ultimatum. Shall we try for another college position? For years Carl has made elaborately casual inquiries about openings as he had opportunity in making, however, no very decided efforts to find one. For one's stock goes down as soon as it appears that one needs a job, and it promptly becomes more elusive. I think seriously of chances in business. Why should not a highly educated man make a good salesman? Forty-seven is a little late in life to start anew, but one would at least be breaking down a different set of brain cells. And I am a little tired of colleges. I think over our assets—take stock of what twenty years of teaching have brought us, aside from our subsistence. A piece of Canada wheat land, up to now more of a liability than an asset; our pleasant home, comfortably furnished, a little money invested, and a little in the savings bank.

That is about all, in a material way. Little enough, I reflect bitterly, with which to wait out a long interval of unemployment.

Most immediate is the question, what course to pursue with reference to the dismissal? Shall we sham voluntary resignation, with no prospects to lend it plausibility? Or shall we let the truth be known, with attendant newspaper publicity, uprisings among student friends, divisions among the faculty? The postman has just brought a card from my husband. He is unsuspectingly staying away until the night before registration day. His nerves will at least be rested, and a little better able to bear the news that what we have really suspected, and closed our eyes to, is at last a reality which must be faced.

I look out at the snowstorm and think. How can I give him that letter? How shall I tell him that he must spend his little margin of strength in looking for a job?

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A Change of Heart

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

PROTESTS from leading British newspapers as well as from shareholders in this country apparently have caused the directors of the General Electric Company, Ltd., of Great Britain to reconsider their original plan to limit the public offering of 1,600,000 shares at somewhat below the current market price to British subjects.

The project was approved by a large majority of the stockholders at their recent meeting but such strong pressure has been exerted from somewhere that the action probably will be rescinded.

In theory the new shares would have been offered to the public and all stockholders, both British and foreign, would have been penalized. Actually, however, present British stockholders would probably have found that their offers to subscribe would have been given priority. The only stockholders to suffer, then, would have been the American, who are said to own about sixty per cent of the stock.

Sir Hugo Hirst, chairman of the company, has explained that the purpose of the discrimination was "to secure the continuity of the employment of its 25,000 workers and their well-being and happiness." Inasmuch as the foreign shareholders have had no voice in the management for several months, and, according to the laws of the company, can have none, it is rather hard to see why it would injure the employees if their holdings were increased to as much as ninety per cent.

As the London "Times," ordinarily not overfriendly to Americans, stated, "the reason given . . . seems pretty thin. If foreigners are content to purchase shares in British companies, even though they cannot exercise control, there seems little reason for preventing them from buying shares and none at all for depriving them of any of the property rights, whether those rights are moral or legal. The investment of foreign capital in British enterprises has the effect of increasing the total supply of capital available for British enterprise and of cheapening it . . . The shareholders deprived American owners of the legitimate profits of their investments."

Speaking of the possible results of the discrimination, the "Thunderer" is franker than any American newspaper has dared to be.

"In the first place," its editorial said, "the deterrent to any further foreign money coming to British companies must be enormous if at any time by one means or another the earnings are given to a purely British public, owners or non-owners. Just what this may mean is obvious from the fact that it is calculated American holdings in England are probably greater than the very vast British holdings in America.

"A second result will undoubtedly be pressure in the United States to retaliate by depriving British owners of American stocks of their share of distinctly larger American earnings."

There can be little doubt that American capital would have been less eager to travel to Britain if the project had gone through but retaliatory measures would be out of the question. Our laws prohibit such confiscation except in time of war.

The whole General Electric, Ltd., episode, nevertheless, has been one of which Great Britain has little reason to be proud.

It would be decidedly interesting to know whether the British Government was influential in bringing about the General Electric directors' change of heart. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, president of the Board of Trade, told Parliament, in reply to a question regarding General Electric policy, that it was desirable to have as much capital as possible come into the country.

As successful speculators moaned over the size of their taxes in recent weeks they were reminded of one of the greatest bulwarks of the present stock market, namely, the enormous paper profits piled up by rich men who have retained large blocks of securities through the five-year bull market.

An individual with a large income may pay as much as twenty per cent of it to the Government. Profits taken on stocks count as income. This means that a man who bought a thousand shares of Radio at 60 a year and a half ago would increase his taxable income for 1929 by nearly half a million dollars if he should sell those shares today. Of this half a million, he would have to pay the Government perhaps a hundred thousand dollars. In other words, he would cut his profit from nearly five hundred to less than four hundred points. He may believe that the value of Radio is inflated but he is loath to bet that the stock is selling a full hundred points too high. The temptation is strong to hold his position and postpone disgorging to the Government.

The reluctance felt by thousands of security holders to sell in this situation is one of the reasons for the ease with which speculators can bid up stocks which have appreciated greatly.

It seems extremely difficult for a financial oracle to make a statement that is not hailed by both the bulls and the bears as a support for their contentions. The various pronunciamentos of the Federal Reserve Board have been clearly bearish but individuals apparently are unable to say anything that is not somewhat ambiguous.

Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Board has made several speeches dealing with the credit situation and in practically all of them it has been possible to find advice both to buy and to sell. Particularly does this seem to have been true of his speech on March 16, just after the market had decided that the Federal Reserve would not raise the rediscount rate in New York for a time at least. Although Mr. Young promised that the rate would be raised as a last resort, the bulls took his statement as meaning that the move was by no means imminent, and speculation, after a temporary lull, continued to move forward.

Paul M. Warburg recently attacked the Federal Reserve Board for not taking more aggressive measures to keep credit away from the securities markets. This meant obviously that he thought brokers' loans were too high. At the same time, he complained that speculators seemed to control the flow of the world's supply of credit. This might well mean that they would be able to force stock prices considerably higher. To this the Federal Reserve objects.

Then came Secretary of the Treasury Mellon with his forceful advice to investors to buy bonds. Did this imply that stocks were too high or that money rates would probably decline, forcing fixed interest securities higher, or both? Wall Street would like to know.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Cold Comfort for Cassius

As God Made Them. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD: Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50. Published March 22.

IS IT possible that, in these days, we are all "petty men"? Why should we enjoy so hugely the efforts of denigrating biographers unless because they permit us to read about our Cæsars and say "'Tis true, this god did shake"? There is cold comfort for Cassius in Gamaliel Bradford's new book. Bradford, who used the method now associated with Lytton Strachey before Strachey did, and who coined the word "psychography" to describe his own work, has written brilliantly of seven Nineteenth Century Americans, and has not only testified to the solidity of their achievements and virtues, but also discovered the qualities of their defects.

Writing of Edwin Booth, Bradford says, "The most real of all human figures are the creations of the imagination." And as imagination can create, so can it revive. Bradford can breathe a human soul into the dust-stopped nostrils of a cold body of facts. In "As God Made Them" he calls Webster, Calhoun and Clay out from the tombs built by legal and political historians, finds Edwin Booth under the sentimental garlands of old praise, lifts Horace Greeley from beneath the admonition to young men which has become his epitaph, releases Asa Gray and Francis James Child from the enfolding memories of scientists and scholars, and gives them all to the American readers whose precious household shrines they may well fill. Each of them has been done in full-length portraiture already. But to none of these biographies has been brought the clear, searching understanding which Mr. Bradford displays.

Of the essays, those on Clay and Child are, to us, the most engaging, the one on Webster, the sharpest. Cassius's best chance is with Webster. A few phrases from that essay illustrate perfectly Bradford's manner of thought and expression. Of Webster's humor, he says, "Whether he had the deeper humor—which dissolves even one's self into insignificance, I greatly doubt. Self was too big an object in Webster's universe to be dissolved under any circumstances." And of his religion, "I have an irresistible disposition to class his religion with his politics. God offered an excellent parallel to the Constitution, and the Bible took the place of the Supreme Court. The decrees of the one, when supported by the judicial rulings of the other, were to be accepted as final, beyond argument and above dispute." And his description of Webster's deathbed, with its immortal speech, should not be left unread by any one who cherishes the human foibles of the great. Bradford's freedom from prejudice, his fine intellectual curiosity, his learning, grace and wit, above all his ability to reanimate the large or precious figures of the past make him an eminent figure in contemporary literature. Compared with two very popular biographers, he stands, a artist, only second to Strachey; a for Ludwig, where that much over man turns on the emotional tap and looses an unfiltered flood, Bradford distils, with subtle skill, the pure essence of biography.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBI

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo Vance (by the Well-Dressed Man out of Noah Webster) and the long-suffering police solve some mathematical murders. Reviewed Feb. 27.

This Strange Adventure, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; Doubleday, Doran. The story of a woman's life against the changing background of the last half-century; a serious and sympathetic venture in the delineation of the American woman and her problems.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A rich melodramatic story, the contrast of old and new Charleston and two memorable negro characters make this an interesting and moving novel. Reviewed Feb. 6.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Expiation by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran and Co. This subtle, witty and urbane story of a woman who paid and paid is one of Elizabeth's best. Reviewed Feb. 16.

Non-Fiction

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Cradle of the Deep by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. This is an amusing yarn, said to be autobiographical, of a girl brought up on a sailing vessel. Reviewed last week.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. We hear that this vivid account of voodoo in Haiti should be taken with a grain of salt. It is lively reading for all that. Reviewed Jan. 9.

Believe It or Not, by Robert L. Ripley: Simon and Schuster. Discussable, no doubt, but not as literature.

The Week's Reading

Further Poems of Emily Di
Edited by her niece, MARTH INSON BIANCHI AND ALFRED LE HAMPSON: Little, Brown. $2.50. Reviewed by CLARA BELLINGER GREEN.

THE DISCOVERY of one hundred and fifty unpublished poems by Emily Dickinson, over forty years after her death, is an amazing one. It is said that many of them were purposely omitted by Emily's sister, Lavinia, when they were being looked over for publication. After Lavinia Dickinson's death, her papers as well as Emily's were packed in trunks and stowed away in the attic, and there her niece, Mrs. Bianchi, who edits this book, is said to have found the package of poems.

Scanning the pages, we recognize Emily Dickinson's well-known touch. Yet there are interludes that leave us unmoved, between those that have the old spell. We miss the characteristic humor allied to grim New England wit, yet frequently in the form of felicitous wording or imagery. A footnote informs us of one poem that it "was made from the first three lines which were included in a letter to Colonel Higginson." They are:

> The only news I know
> Is bulletins all day
> From Immortality.

The three added verses are clever imitations of Emily's style and phraseology, enlarging on the thought. Reading

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further, it occurs to us that this method is practiced in other instances—fragments expanded into poems. Again there are verses impressing one as discarded drafts of the perfect poems familiar to us. These repetitions of ideas, words and sometimes entire lines, tend to discount the rare originals. The fragments might better have been left fragments, or discarded entirely.

We notice in this collection considerable free verse of which there is little in the "Complete Poems." While Emily Dickinson ignored old, rigid forms of poetry, when she chose, she cannot be said to have written free verse, properly speaking. She skipped the rhyme when it was not at hand or would subvert the thought, but she never missed the rhythm; metre was as much a part of her work as was her ready, unexpected and sometimes startling expression. We are impelled to quote, in part, one poem in direct contrast with Emily's form of verse:

> We-bee and I-live
> In the quaffing.
> 'Tisn't all hock with us,
> Life has its ale—
> But it's many a lay of
> The dim Burgundy
> We chant for cheer when
> The wines fail.
> Do we "get drunk"?
> Ask the jolly clovers!

The whole poem is commonplace and artificial—far removed from Emily Dickinson's spontaneous, unmatched use of words. If Lavinia Dickinson did withhold many of these poems, as is supposed, we think she did a good job.

There is a portrait of Emily Dickinson as a child, used in Mrs. Todd's collection, which shows in a marked degree her outstanding characteristics. There we detect the sensitive organism which could not meet the throng—for whom seclusion was a necessity. Shielded by the four walls of her room, she dared to speak; and her words were profound. Never was so intrepid a soul lodged in so timorous a body. In her seclusion, she sent her soul into the invisible and there dwelt as freely as in the visible—body at home, spirit companioning spirit.

Slaves of the Gods. By KATHERINE MAYO; Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Published March 22.

MISS MAYO here tells in fiction form some of the stories which she heard—and verified—in the course of her labors in preparation for writing "Mother India." We believe that the enormous sale of that book was due not to any deep Messianic interest in India's tragic women on the part of American girls, but to a surreptitious delight in the pornographic details with which it was liberally supplied. After "Mother India," these twelve stories are pretty mild. The facts that they rehearse are dreadful, indeed. But Miss Mayo is not a creative writer of any talent whatsoever, and her horrors in fiction form are not nearly so horrifying as when cast as flat statistics. We do not see what good this little book can do, nor what pleasure, decent or otherwise, it can give.

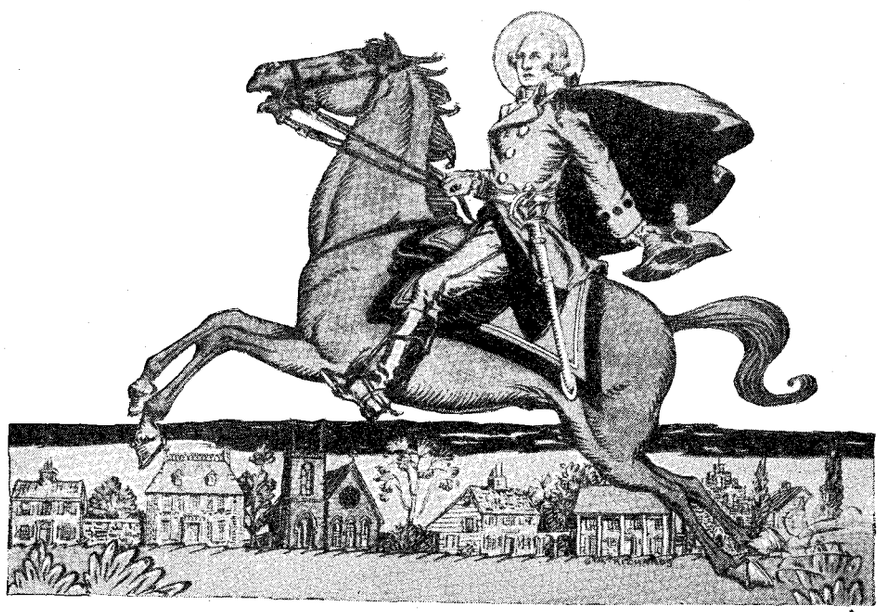
The Life of the Duke of Flamborough by Benjamin Bunny. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN: Payson & Clarke. Published March 25.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, an engaging literary magician, too rarely seen here, has pulled Benjamin Bunny out of the stage silk hat, at this show, and caused him to write a delicious piece of lese majesty for which Mr. Housman, in more spacious days, would have lost his head on Tyburn Hill. But royalty, today, will only chuckle over Mr. Bunny's life of the princely personage whose personal servant he was, and whose son he for a time believed himself to be. H.R.H. Prince Augustus would have been ruler over a great people if his cousin, Augusta, had not been born. Instead he became commander of Queen Augusta's army, her representative at official gatherings when she was occupied with lying-in, and a great collector of buttons. And royalty will probably agree with the moral which Mr. Housman extracts from Mr. Bunny's tale. The serious-minded will easily recognize the originals from which the Duke, the Queen and so on are drawn. It need not interfere with their enjoyment of Laurence Housman's tomfoolery.

The Litany of Washington Street. By VACHEL LINDSAY: Macmillan. Published March 22. $3.00. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

FOR THOSE who find a poet's prose obscure, a dreamer's history lessons somewhat extraordinary, the introduction to this book will be most helpful. It admits a purely imaginative impulse and confesses an inability to agree with Mr. Mencken.

Washington Street crosses Main Street at a right angle. Patriots, idealists and optimists live on this great highway, which begins in George Washington, D. C., and passes directly through the Lincoln country on its way west to the Pacific. (Aviators are now blazing the trail beyond. In 2800 a Jeffersonian steam-roller will be used by the United States Democracy Co., Contractors, to extend the boulevard to India.) Babbitts taking careless Sunday afternoon strolls on Washington Street may imagine that they see millionaire oil men whiz by in luxurious landaus. That will only prove that even Babbitts have imaginations. For



Drawing from the jacket of "The Litany of Washington Street" by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan)

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in reality, that exclusive residential section "is as far as the human soul may get from the world of the smart aleck and go-getter, the cynic, the liar, and the wise guy." There, Mr. Lindsay himself always sees the stately figures of Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton go riding by.

More specifically, this is a collection of previously published essays, now loosely bound together by quotations from Walt Whitman. These litanies, as they are picturesquely renamed, are supposed to be chanted by United States Troubadours, stationed at idealistic points along the great inspirational highway. They represent the comfortable political attitude of a poet who happens to be a romanticist.

The Devil Beats His Wife. By Ben Wasson: Harcourt, Brace. Published March 20. Reviewed by E. M. Benson.

Whenever we are about to "swear off" modern fiction, along comes a novel that knocks our skepticism into a cocked hat. Ben Wasson's sally into novel writing has done this for us. It is a first novel that needs no apology. "The Devil Beats His Wife" is as mature and laudable a work as we might expect from a more practiced scrivener.

It is a story of the South told by a Southerner. Leisurely Ben Wasson chronicles the life of a Mississippi family through the last half century. And from it he evolves the subtle dissonances of a tragedy implicit between Aunt Ann, the finely portrayed negro servant, and Narcisse, the fragrant melancholic Lady whose unspoken secret of infidelity the old negress carries to her grave.

Some of the praise that was lavished on Henri Alain-Fournier's "The Wanderer," for its comprehension of child psychology and eerie sense of humor, might be deflected to Wasson's novel.

The Burning Fountain. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton: John Day. Published March 22. Reviewed by Elizabeth Onativia.

With the quality and technique of a composer, the author has written a symphony, rather than a novel, around the Kenwyns, with Lynneth the Fey as the recurring theme. This younger daughter is a child of the wind and the storm. Her increasing elusiveness pervades this country household, until the finale brings direct expression and dramatic peace. The dialogue and action rarely permitted by the author are as expertly handled as the long, long thoughts of the young people, Alan and

(*Please Turn to Page 507*)

Economic Side of Politics

As Seen in Recent Books

Washington, D. C.

A BOOK which has recently been attracting a good deal of attention in State Department circles is "American Foreign Relations" (Yale University Press), edited by Professor Charles P. Howland of Yale for the Council on Foreign Relations. This is all the more extraordinary when one remembers that the Council on Foreign Relations is largely composed of Democratic statesmen left stranded on the beach of public apathy by the ebb of Wilsonism. The present book, while still smacking of a sort of "white-collar" propaganda for the cancellation of war debts and the abandonment of traditional naval policies in deference to the existing Geneva institution—two policies, be it noted, which were anathema to Woodrow Wilson himself—is marked by a well-reasoned consideration of the private economic factors in international political relations: trade-balances, loans, investments, and such.

In this volume, the editor shows himself abreast of the times in recognizing the economic dominance which characterizes current political life. The classics on this subject, of course, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, remain Scott Nearing's "Dollar Diplomacy" (Viking Press) and the more recent book on "America's Painless Imperialism" (Harcourt, Brace) by an existing functionary in the Department of State, which present, respectively, the radical and the conservative statement of the facts of our economic expansion.

Nevertheless, the tendency has long existed. Charles Willis Thompson's extraordinarily interesting book "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents" (Bobbs-Merrill) attributes to Mark Hanna the prescience which recognized that industry would displace politics in actual importance and in engrossing public interest. Thompson's book on the post-Hanna era is a brilliant example of good political reporting by one of the best of the old school of Washington correspondents. He sets down nothing but what he himself knows to be true. One understands, as the book comes to a close, why Mr. Thompson abandoned his profession when the Republicans nominated that imaginary point in the center of the G.O.P., Senator Harding of Ohio, as their candidate for President in 1920. To a man who had known Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson this was an anti-climax of tragic dimensions. The elephant had labored and brought forth a political mouse. And Mr. Thompson hanged his typewriter on a weeping-willow tree and went temporarily into the ranks of those entitled to say: "I used to be a newspaperman myself . . ."

At all events, President Hoover's inaugural address has made it clear beyond peradventure that politics are to be adjourned, so far as practicable, for the next four years. The spirit of the times is away from politics. Henry Ford's suggestive little pamphlet ("ghosted" by Fay Leone Faurote), "My Philosophy of Industry," sets down in simple terms the average dustrialist's opinion of the present. O is an age of power (mechanical rat than political), argues Mr. Ford, a suggests the need for revising our philosophy and personal habits cord with the facts of the "powe He is opposed to thrift, economy monetary valuations so far as they co flict with use. The unconscious burd of his song is "another little Ford won do you any harm." That the process is world-wide is, I think, evidenced by Walter Meakin's "The New Industrial Revolution" (Brentano's), a work by a young British economist on the "rationalization" of German post-war industries. Standardization and simplification are, as with Mr. Hoover's work in the Commerce Department, the battle cries of the new industrial freedom as expounded by Mr. Meakin, and he advances the argument that community welfare shall be the guiding principle of the new industrial policy.

On the other side of the fence from these gentlemen who are racking their brains to make industry serviceable to society, sits Mr. Seba Eldridge of the University of Kansas, whose "The New Citizenship" (Crowell) is a labored argument to show that people ought to be more interested in politics. His remedy for the present apathy (itself a symptom of the dominance of business over political life, dating, in this country at least, from Mr. Thompson's Mark Hanna) is the institution of politica "Block-parties." Not the Parliamentary bloc is indicated, but the city block. He wants the "folks" in the same area of a given town or city to get together, establish committees, clinics, and what-not to deal with their affairs as citizens of that particular area. It is all very Kansas.

In an age when a column of statistics is considered the mark of statesmanship and when the raising of the tariff is re-

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garded as the sole end of political power, it is a good thing that the Thompsons and the Seba Eldridges can put in a word on the sunny side of the "dismal science." That is not to say that economics is despicable in politics, it is simply that hitherto American economists in politics have had to pose as portentously solemn wise-acres to convince the Congressional Committees that they were trustworthy. Signs of any sort hat the Reign of Herbert is not to be l decimal points and percentages are especially welcome to Government officials who are settling down resignedly to four years of administration at the hands of a man whose political reputation was made in the economic sphere.

It was, perhaps, for this reason that many of the rank and file of Government employees were rather hoping for th's election. They knew that the try would be better off under r but they felt sure that it would fun with Al. Having now beesigned to an economic future, ey are still hopefully scanning the political skies and seeking to read out of the storm of politico-economic books the signs of the weather through which they must set their course for the next four —or, more likely, eight—years. Probably that is why the Foreign Relations volume is attracting the interest of the State Department, as it holds within its economic clouds the promise of the gentle rain of politics.

J. S. C.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 506*)

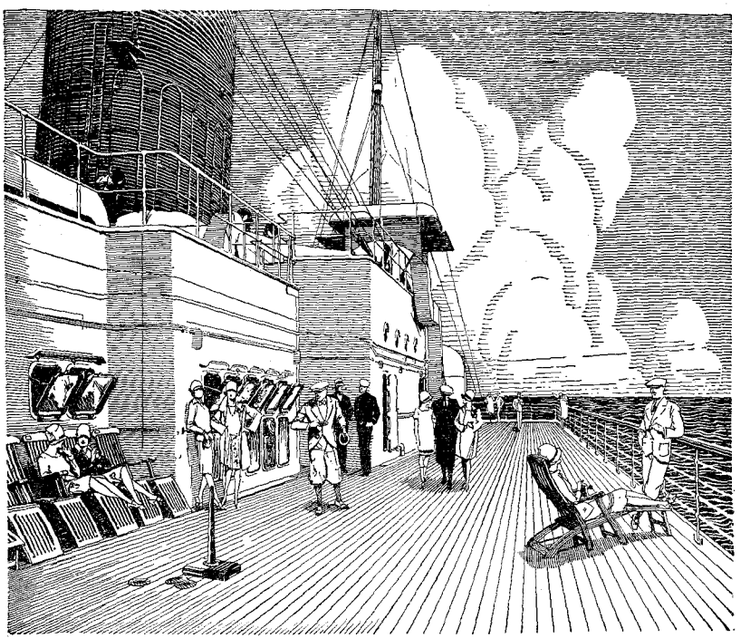
Joan, Claire and Douglas. (The book is bound to recall, to those who remember, the early work of Algernon Blackwood, and *Thunderstorm,* by G. B. Stern.) "The Burning Fountain" should find a place among the best of the psychological novels.

Dark Star. By Lorna Moon: Bobbs-Merrill. Published March 15. Reviewed by Milton Byron.

Here is the tragic story of a homeless girl born under the dark star of illegitimacy. Nancy's earliest recollection s of her mother eloping with a negro nedicine man, leaving her to care for ier bedridden grandmother. Throughut her adolescence she is tortured by er uncertainty as to whether a groom r his master was her father; a prob m on which her whole future conduct inges.

Starting merely as a good novel, this ook ends brilliantly. Divot Meg, the ostitute; her tongueless husband, and

(*Please Turn to Page 511*)



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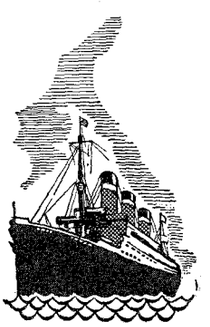

BOOKINGS for the coming season indicate the great popularity of United States Liners. The travel-wise have taken the hint: they're going over in April and May. They know that sailing in Spring means more room on board; a wider choice of accommodations; European hotels and resorts at their best; money saved because of lower rates.

Those experienced travelers who *have* to take their vacations in summer are selecting definite sailings *now.* They prefer American ships, and know why they are popular: courteous, attentive stewards who speak your own language; a famous cuisine; cozy, home-like, luxurious staterooms; highest American standards of comfort throughout all the ships.

Your friends will recognize that you, too, are numbered among the travel-wise if you plan your trip at once on the speedy *Leviathan,* the largest liner in the world; or on one of the delightful American cabin ships, *George Washington, America, Republic, President Harding,* or *President Roosevelt.*

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

EVERY place in the world has its own signs to indicate the change of the seasons. In the country, when the sun shines brighter and the frost is gone by noon, and the pussy-willows bring thoughts of crocuses and blue-birds, one is pretty sure that spring is at hand. Likewise with Broadway. The sun shines brighter, the sidewalks are warm at noon, and lo! suddenly the first of the summer musical comedies blossoms forth after dusk.

"Spring is here" on Broadway and this time in the form of a new musical show called just that—"Spring Is Here." Owen Davis wrote the book, our old friends of the "Garrick Gaieties," Rodgers and Hart, produced the music and lyrics, and Aarons and Freedley have put the breath of life into it at the Alvin Theatre; with the assistance of no small array of talent, including Glenn Hunter.

Musical comedy, of course, proves all over again that criticism of the theatre is, in the nature of things, mostly an expression of personal taste—taste in jokes, taste in romance, taste in emotion, taste in ideas. With which reservation we make bold to say that we enjoyed this musical comedy very much. Fair enough music, an exceedingly entertaining plot (which, wonder of wonders, is on hand at all hours and reaches a definite conclusion), infinite youthful spirit and zest, gay and sprightly people, pretty scenery—"Spring Is Here" has all these. It serves up all the well-known ingredients, it is true. But an individual and talented chef has skilfully prepared them, and the dish is very tasty, indeed, for those who like it.

Youth is very much in evidence. At times the humor approaches that of the pie-throwing variety, as all youthful humor does. The story is distinctly juvenile, concerning itself with the efforts of two fellows to marry the same girl. Much of the current athletic girl craze is evident in the gyrations of the chorus. And yet, the whole thing partakes of the spontaneous humor of the old "Garrick Gaieties," served up this time with a professional finish and mood which to our mind is the essence of enjoyable musical comedy.

Its great advantage is that Owen Davis has provided the show with real characters—in particular, a father who speaks his mind with exceeding sharpness and great common sense, and who is the only musical comedy father we ever saw who looks anything like the fathers we've known. He manages to be exceedingly funny, and yet stays so genuine that one is persuaded that his wife really married him.

There remains, of course, Glenn Hunter. Can he sing? No, apparently he can't. But he knows it, and so skilfully is the piece arranged that one doesn't miss it. The result is that he adds to the usual impossible musical show all the reality and romance which one finds in straight comedy—even to the point of bringing genuine tears to the eyes of his audience. We don't remember before any scene wherein the hero of comic opera, shorn of his illusions, turns upon the lady of his choice with passionate sincerity and tells her what he thinks of her—and receives from the audience first, a moment of utter silence and then a crash of applause. Whether or not you like Glenn Hunter, he plays a very delicate and shaded piece of acting in this show and definitely increases in stature before your eyes from a rather namby-pamby, love-sick youth to a man who dominates a woman.

Meanwhile, there appear several people who stop the show by their individual talents—Inez Courtney first, who, unless we are very much mistaken, is a young Beatrice Lillie in the making; and second, an eccentric dancer, named Cy Landry, who, as an apparently dumb, yokel-headed, sloppy gardener, possesses the most extraordinary set of kaleidoscopic bones and muscles we've ever seen, and whose specialty dance is one of the most original extant.

Whether or not "Spring Is Here" lasts through the summer is another matter. But as a spring show, we would advise all tired business men whose tastes are similar to ours to go see it; if they have a chance.

Our Own Choice

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Caprice (SIL-VARA). Sophisticated Viennese comedy.

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Strange Interlude (EUGENE O'NEILL). Psychological tragedy.

Serena Blandish (GEORGE BEHRMAN). A society Alice in Wonderland.

Let Us Be Gay (RACHEL CROTHERS). House party entertainment.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Letter"

THIS highly important motion picture is no more devoid of faults than "Strange Interlude" or "The Age of Innocence" or other current attractions; its weaknesses, in fact, are precisely those that operate against the complete artistic success of these and other box-office hits.

But a box-office hit it is, and an artistic success it should be. A tense interest is achieved and never relaxed in a talkie, that makes of the art something to be seriously dealt with. The reasons for the respect engendered in the breast by "The Letter" are chiefly concerned with the acting done therein, they extend in almost equal measure to the direction, the recording, the camera and the settings.

The acting in "The Letter" is done by Jeanne Eagels, Herbert Marshall, O. P. Heggie and Reginald Owen. It is rather safe to say that you will rarely see such an aggregation of talent on one stage, and absolutely certain that you will never see better performances in any theatre on or off Broadway.

Miss Eagels, (the unforgettable Sadie Thompson of "Rain") did far more to make Leslie Crosby a living, breathing character than Katherine Cornell did. We thought her portrait of the passionate, tortured white woman of the rubber forests was just about flawless. Herbert Marshall, in his brief appearance as the lover she slaughters, showed that he is likely to be as great a hit in talking pictures as he was in "The High Road." O. P. Heggie is so well-known for his perfect diction and imperturbable stage manners that it was no surprise to find him giving a distinguished account of himself. Reginald Owen, in a very hard part, gave evidence of a power that we had not suspected he possessed.

"The Letter" was directed by Monta Bell, a man of whose pre-Hollywood history we know nothing. We shall say of Mr. Bell that he was either a stage director of unusual gifts, before turning to the screen, or else that he has been wasting his time. The way he has put "The Letter" together (and handled Jeanne Eagels, the stormy petrel of the stage) is something that makes him worth some very careful watching.

We could have done with a little less tom-tom and ukelele music—(there was usually neither; but we don't know the names of any Chinese musical instruments)—and we thought the Chinese actress who did the native Jezebel overplayed rather flagrantly. There were times when the local atmosphere interfered with the action. There were other times when the s's and f's became undistinguishable one from the other; but in the main "The Letter" was entertainment of the very highest order and, as such, we recommend it, fully and freely.

We called it "a highly important motion picture" and we meant just that. It is important in itself and doubly so in its demonstration of what real actors and actresses are going to mean to the articulate screen. Having seen so many amateurish performances by former favorites of the silent cinema, it was a genuine treat to see these professionals go into action.

"Sonny Boy"

YOU WILL remember Davey Lee if you saw "The Singing Fool," and you will agree that he was an awfully sweet little boy. You will not, however, have any notion of what an extraordinary entertainer he really is, if you don't see him in "Sonny Boy."

"Sonny Boy" is a farce comedy of creaking situations and doubtful taste, but this incredible child makes of it something for the "required" list. *Your* children will love Davey Lee, and you, yourself, will find your credulity taxed by the things he does. It's a hard thing to describe, the acting of this three-year-old marvel, without implying an unpleasant precocity.

But be assured that there is no such quality in little Davey Lee. He knows all the answers, he handles wise-cracks and he does a delicious imitation of Al Jolson. And with it all he is never the offensive child actor for so much as one second.

If you miss this one, you will be passing up a thing of real delight.

We Recommend

The Singing Fool: AL JOLSON will get you, as he has a hundred million others.

My Man: Substitute FANNY BRICE, and see above.

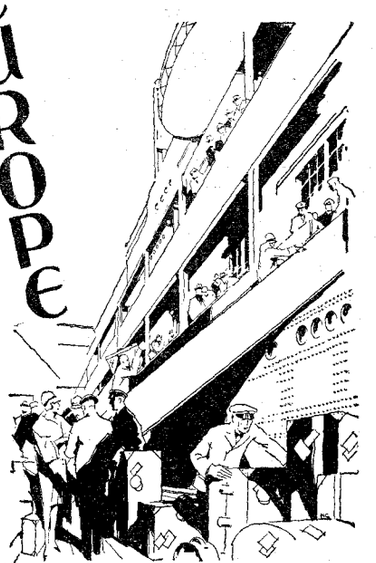
The Broadway Melody: An amazing talking picture, with a lot to recommend it.

The Wolf of Wall Street: GEORGE BANCROFT is one of the real finds in talking pictures.

The Flying Fleet: An epic of the air that surpasses them all—even "Wings."

Alias Jimmy Valentine: The public and ourself aren't together on this big hit.

EUROPE



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BY

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Lost

ALTHOUGH it seemed to him that he had lived through ages of humiliating discipline, he was in reality only a few years old when he was purchased. Three or possibly four—it made no difference.

The only home that he had ever known was in a training stable where he had burned with curiosity. Where never a day crept dingily into his stall that he did not raise his head and whinny with excitement. This growing luminousness before his eyes—what was it promising him? This tingle of steel through muscle—how far would it take him? But the stable boy that brushed and curried him, and the groom that put him through his paces, taught him that curiosity was not good and that excitement was disgrace. And so he had learned obedience.

But when he first caught sight of his new master he forgot everything. As the groom led him out for inspection on that remembered day he raised his head suddenly and whinnied in the excitement of recognition. There was no doubt about it. There stood his master. He had no need to look at the serious young face or feel the quick, sure touch upon the bridle. For there in front of him, in blue with brass buttons, appeared the reason and answer for existence. There mounted upon his back this creature of flesh that was God. This part of himself without which he had been ignorant and restless.

At night they separated. The horse was stabled in strange quarters where other animals like himself were left carelessly by other Gods flashing blue and brass. The young horse stood quietly and trembled with excitement. There was a strangeness about his new companions. An air of boldness and gentleness, of confidence and fitness, that could have only one explanation. These also, like himself, had become part of a human being. By morning he knew the reason for this exaltation of horse-flesh. They were all members of the Mounted Police.

Through the weeks and months that followed he learned the streets of the enormous city with his new master. Together they galloped to the distress of crowds, they upheld the beauty and order of law, they dashed high-heartedly into danger. Gradually he learned to rest more quietly by night. For that excitement which stole upon him with each morning, he now knew heralded the approach of his overlord. And its promise was life.

The horse had finished with youth and was approaching age, when, on a certain winter, a day came that did not bring his master. He stood patient for a week and waited. He munche his oats and held his ears alert. Two weeks and three.

BUT UPON a final morning he was led from his stall and caparisoned fo duty. It was not his master who s dled him, and there was somet wrong. He shook his head impatie and turning looked steadily at the rups. They were swinging reve But they paid no attention to proach. Well—no matter. His would attend to that, and in ling of an eye.

He was led out then and joined other members of the mounted police all waiting with their riders. This, he supposed, was to be a parade—an old story to him now. But where was his master? He was impatient, and he had forgotten impatience with his youth.

The procession started northward and still there was no sign. The horse moved riderless among the others. Bu he knew now what was about to hap pen. For they were headed certainly in the direction of his master' home

In front of his master's house th horse waited to be made whole again He watched the opening of the door. H raised his head.

From the well-known doorway ther came only tall men carrying a woode box. And in front of the house a ride less horse caparisoned, and with stir rups reversed, pawed the air and whin nied wildly for his master. The earl lessons of obedience, the regulations police parade dropped from him nov and he was young and lost again wi none to answer him.

Those who rode behind the distracte animal watched him narrowly. Tho who stabled him that night were qui and careful in the stall. And throu successive weeks they became more ca ful—more watchful. Had the hor seen something inside that narrow bo Had he seen something hovering in t air above it? A horse that refuses eat—that stands and whinnies all d long in answer to no heard sound—t allows no living man to saddle him what barrier is he trying to ride throu —to a lost master that needs a mou

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 507)

the pathetic librarian with boxes for legs are never-to-be-forgotten characters. The speech in which Divot Meg sums up her philosophy of life, and lies about Nancy's mother to convince her of what she wants to believe about her birth, and the scene in which Meg strangles Nancy's drug-crazed mother to remove the last obstacle in the child's progress are exquisitely done. This book is the essence of life in all its injustices; a beautiful love story, a gripping theme, superb characterizations and the deft handling requisite for such a subject.

A Lost Commander—Florence Nightingale. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews: Doubleday, Doran. $3.00. Published March 22.

If you read "Eminent Victorians" you may remember that Florence Nightingale was quick-tempered, dictatorial and obstinate. Mrs. Andrews will remind you that she was also a great woman, one of the greatest. In as charming a popular biography as you could ask to read—unless you demand analysis and wit, of which it has none—she retells the story of Florence Nightingale. It is an amazing story, so amazing, indeed, that much of it is incredible although all of it is true. Courage is comprehensible, and fortitude; anybody can overcome fearful obstacles. But Florence Nightingale, besides courage and fortitude, had a vision so inappropriate to her setting and her times that to even the most hardened skeptic it must appear that she was inspired by a love and strength greater than her own. Mrs. Andrews writes with her accustomed ease and warmth. Young reviewers will find "The Lost Commander" sentimental. Fortunately, however, that will not affect its well-deserved popularity.

Dark Hester. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. Published March 22.

No experienced novelist or immature person could have written "Dark Hester." The problems which it exploits are such as are familiar and pressing only to those who have been taught and chastened by life. And the execution is technically flawless. If there is lack of spontaneity in conception, there is effortless beauty in execution. "Dark Hester" deals with mother love and family solidarity, and describes the clash between a mother who has made for her son every sacrifice except the

(Please Turn to Page 512)

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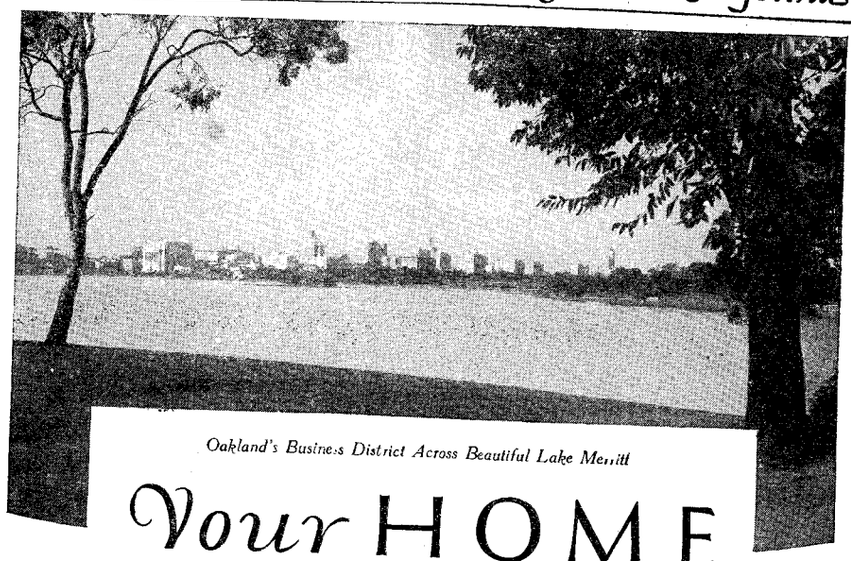

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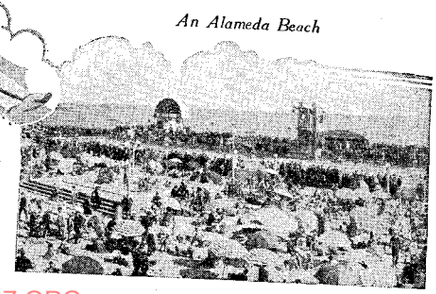

An Alameda Beach

429-G

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

BEHOLD a new horror—the rubber flower vase. You can knock it over, drop it on the stone floor of your ancestral halls, or throw it at your wife without danger of breaking either it or anything else. When not in use as a vase, you can play parlor games with it. The children can cut their teeth on it. Oh, no, that last one wasn't any good; it's too soft. But seriously, why not a complete set of rubber dishes in a beautiful marbleized effect? When the cook drops a plate, instead of shuddering at a crash you'll merely smile at a light thump. And after a few dropped plates have bounced back and hit her under the chin, she'll be more careful, and you can again trust her with the Wedgewood. Only you'd have to be careful eating peas from such a plate, for if you dropped any off your fork they'd bounce all over the place.

THE GENEVA MANUFACTURING COMPANY makes a very inexpensive line of undecorated small pieces of furniture of both hard and soft wood, smoothly finished and all ready for the application of quick-drying enamel or lacquer. There are foot stools, corner shelves, book shelves, telephone stands, magazine racks, tilt top, kidney top and dressing tables and smoking stands. They are all shipped knocked down, and are easy to assemble. The designs are very good indeed.

SMALL RUGS, 27 x 27 and 36 x 36, are being made of rayon and cotton, in patterns imitating various Oriental rugs. They wash well and have the soft sheen that the closer woven Oriental rugs have.

A NEW LINE of toilet supplies "for men only" has just been brought out. The names are real masculine: Stip and Dash and Brisk and Vim and Smooth and Trim, for, respectively, styptic pencil, face lotion, shaving cream, face cream, powder and hair goozlum. We're not sure we like the names, but they're descriptive anyway.

FOR FIVE DOLLARS you can get a basket containing a lot of gifts for a child who is going on a long train or a steamship journey. There are all sorts of games and toys and things; you have only to specify age and sex of the child and the company who puts up the baskets does the rest. Judging by our observations of children on trains and ships, we should think such a basket would be a Godsend to the traveling mother as well as a delight to the child.

IF YOU'RE a golf enthusiast, a bird-cage collector, an orchid fancier or an amateur of cheese—whatever your particular hobby, you can have it engraved for you on your stationery along with your monogram at Stern Brothers in New York, who make a specialty of this work.

THERE IS an umbrella case of alligator skin which can be fastened to the inside of the door of your automobile and into which you slide your wet umbrella when you climb into the car, thus protecting your clothing from the wet. The case takes up very little room.

IF YOU'RE looking for a rather modern wrist watch, which will still be old fashioned enough so that you can tell time by it, have a look at the new "Spur," a 19-jewel Hamilton watch, which may be had in yellow or white gold. We won't attempt to describe, but we think it very good looking.

A GREAT DEAL of ingenuity is being expended on garment hangers these days. There's a new one, the arms of which are double. Push a trigger and the upper arms fly up. Put the garment on the lower arms and push down the upper ones. They will lock, and thus keep the garment from sliding off. The upper arms are padded so they won't injure delicate fabrics.

A SMALL CABINET made of steel and asbestos can be installed in the wall of your kitchen next to the ironing board, for the reception of the electric iron, when you're through using it. No danger of fire, no matter how hot the iron when you shut it in this little coop.

A FLEXIBLE RING of plated brass which will fit around the inner edge of a small bowl, and which has holes in it for the reception of short-stemmed cut flowers, may appeal to you. It offers a simple means of displaying such flowers effectively.

AN AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR for use in homes where neither gas nor electricity is available, has been perfected. It is operated by the heat from a small kerosene burner, is inexpensive to run, and requires little attention.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 511*)

final one of giving him up, and a daughter-in-law hard with the hardness which is the common attribute of her generation, with the bitterness of her past, and with the fierce but fragile perfection of her relationship with her husband. "Dark Hester" touches delicately upon changing social standards, and firmly upon the inability of people either emancipated from or deprived of background and family ties to understand their enduring strength. In spite of a happy ending, it is a sharply painful book. Its rather obvious plot cannot be outlined without spoiling for the reader some of his pleasure. But only *some*: the legitimate popularity of Mrs. de Selincourt's novels lies in her urbanity, her unsentimental sympathy, her tolerance, the soundness of her characterizations and the warm grace of her prose.

The Orange Court. By LILY ANNE COPPARD. $2.50.
African Harvest. By NORA STEVENSON. $2.00. Both published by IVES WASHBURN, March 22. Reviewed by MILTON BYRON.

"THE ORANGE COURT" is a simple, naïve, love story. Pauline Branch, at the age of thirty-two, is suddenly jilted by her sweetheart, so she leaves her beloved England to seek solace under Italian skies. There she finds not only solace but romance and eventually love. The novel has no plot, but there is fine presentation of Latin characteristics and temperament through the medium of a typical Italian pension. Pauline's gradual adjustment to this new life, and the attempts of her associates to make her feel at home among them are deftly handled. We also wish to offer a word of praise for the natural way the author has reproduced the speech of a foreigner trying to express himself in English—something that is always either over or under-done.

"African Harvest" is a dull and uninteresting novel about life among the Boers on their worthless farms in South Africa. The story centers around one Jan de Beer and, although the attempt to reveal the emotional side of this life is sadly deficient, the pitifully narrow confines of his life and outlook are clearly brought out. There is practically no plot or action, and what little there is left us cold. The story is slow-moving, the characters unreal and the dialogue distinctly unnatural. As a character study of that particular type and as a picture of desolation and squalor it is quite successful, but there

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is nothing entertaining or pleasant about it. In fact, to be perfectly frank about it, there seems to be very, very little to recommend about the book.

The English Novel. By Ford Madox Ford: Lippincott.
French Novelists. By Frederick C. Green: Appleton.
Contemporary Movements in European Literature. By various authors: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press.
All published this week.

These books represent different approaches to the task of interesting the general reader in a critical attitude toward literature, or, if you prefer a flattering phrase, in creative reading. Mr. Ford, discussing the English novel from the earliest days to the death of Conrad, offers the mildly unorthodox opinions of a brilliant novelist whose taste is independent and catholic but impeccable and British. Only the most ignorant on the subject will learn anything from his book; but only the most stodgy will fail to be diverted and exhilarated by it. Ideas leap hither and yon as they always do for Mr. Ford, and he spills them out in a jumble of vivid words. For an example of his genial approach to his solemn subject, read pages 32 and 66 of his book. You will then read it through.

Professor Green's history of French fiction from the renaissance to the revolution is packed with information. The various schools which flourished during those centuries lend themselves readily to tabulation and analysis. Professor Green does his work neatly, thoroughly and unimpressively. While written in a perfectly readable style, his book is rather useful than interesting.

A happy combination of the academic and independent methods of criticism is found in the collection of papers edited by Professors Rose and Isaacs. They are devoted to investigations of and speculations upon the changes in European literature since the War. Written as lectures and for the most part by men gifted in expression as well as experienced in study, they will be welcomed by many readers who are looking for such a book. Denis Saurat's paper on contemporary French literature is especially interesting in its discussion of neo-Thomism, the new artistic-catholic movement. That one, and the articles on English and German literature, seem to us the most valuable. We have not seen a volume on contemporary European literature which approaches this one in quality. You will enjoy it, no matter how adequate your background.

(*Please Turn to Page 514*)

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 513*)

and then came Ford. By CHARLES MERZ: Doubleday, Doran. Published March 22.

THIS IS a swiftly moving and dramatic summary of the epic career of Henry Ford. It is not only a biography of the man made famous by his Model T, but it also serves as an illuminating account of the effect of modern industrial civilization upon American social development. It is against the background of this development that Mr. Merz tells his story. Even if the volume is not a searching analysis of Henry Ford's mind,—and perhaps we shall have to wait for that until all first-hand biographical material has disappeared and it can be safely invented by some psychic biographer—it does cover the external features of Ford's career in a most readable fashion. It is a book which arouses in the reader a desire to ask questions which even Henry Ford himself could not possibly answer. What will be the ultimate result of the Ford idea? How will it affect our children's children? Can we eat of its fruit without our teeth being set on edge? Well, that's something for forward-looking men and journals to unriddle.

Sixty Seconds. By MAXWELL BODENHEIM. Horace Liveright. Published March 20. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

WHEN MAXWELL BODENHEIM writes a novel he turns instinctively to diatribe. In "Sixty Seconds," he airs his nausea for sex-puritanism (the cause of most social unhappiness, he believes), and illustrates this imprudent excursion into polemics, by vaguely attempting to index the thought-processes of John Musselman, as he stands in the death cell during the lean minute that precedes his electrocution for the murder of a woman who had used him as an experiment in sex.

The idea of reconstructing the protagonist's sex past in sixty seconds is a worthy one. But it is done with such technical slovenliness, and with so little artistic discretion, that the idea becomes no more than a blind to veil an otherwise mediocre treatise on the opinions of Maxwell Bodenheim.

The lies and the half-lies that most of us take for granted in the relationships between men and women, give Mr. Bodenheim convulsive fits of intellectual colic. And with sex as his trump card, he writes viciously beautiful prose, astounding and disgusting by turns.

Wings of Wax. By JANET HOYT: Sears. IN THIS Middle Western book about a Middle Western university, the failings of the new president, the students and the system are fluently described. Victor Marston, with his long-suffering wife and children, goes from a small Eastern College to Woban, confident of making a spectacular success as a modern university executive. He is full of ideas for reform, but inconsistent or precipitate in their application. Charming, selfish and weak about women, his mistakes accumulate until his failure is tragically complete. Every aspect of the scene is graphically presented, resulting in a readable, but not a particularly enjoyable, book.

Forthcoming Books

Belphegor. By JULIEN BENDA: Payson & Clark. March 23.

Idols Behind Altars. By ANITA BRENNER: Payson & Clarke. March 30.

Babes and Sucklings. By PHILIP WYLIE: Knopf. March 29.

The Court of Burgundy. By OTTO CARTELLIERI: Knopf. March 29.

As Far as Jane's Grandmother's. By EDITH OLIVIER: Viking Press. March 26.

The Story of Architecture in America. By THOMAS E. TALLMADGE: Norton. March 22.

Disarmament, by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA: Coward-McCann, will be discussed later with other political books.

The Modern Temper by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH: Harcourt, Brace and Co., and *American Estimates* by HENRY S. CANBY: Harcourt, Brace and Co., will be reviewed later by Van Wyck Brooks.

Other books received by the Editor for review this week too late for more detailed notice:

An Hour of American History. By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON: Lippincott. In the same series as the Ford Madox Ford book, reviewed above, this is an outline, remarkably full considering its brevity, for the running reader.

While Peter Sleeps. By E. BOYD BARRETT: Ives, Washburn. The author of "The Jesuit Enigma," an extremely thoughtful and valuable book, is one of the devout Catholics who believes that all is not well with the Mother Church. He discusses the point where reform can and should come with dispassionate intelligence.

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Anastasia. By H. von Rathlef-Leilmann: Payson & Clarke.

The woman who claims to be the daughter of the late Czar of Russia bids fair to join the mysteries of history. Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? Was Louis XIV his father's son? Was James I smuggled into his mother's bed in a warming-pan? Is Madame Chaikovski the Princess Anastasia? If you want to read a fat book about her, here it is.

Home of the Nymphs and Vampires. By George Horton: Bobbs-Merrill. This is a delightful type of travel book by a man with an eye for eccentric detail as well as for changeless beauty, and with an ear for old legends. Ancient superstitions still cling about the Isles of Greece, and mingle there with Christian folk-lore. They are retold, here, with great charm.

Picked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

Edgar Wallace's People Doubleday, Doran

The autobiography of a foundling who has been successively newsboy, printer's devil, soldier, war correspondent and editor, and is now known as the most prolific writer of mystery stories in the world. He has written a hundred and fifty books, four hundred short stories and a dozen plays. He is said to be able to write some 16,000 words a day. These reminiscences of his life and the people he has met are entertaining and show an endless curiosity and an inexhaustible energy. His remarks about Bryan interested us particularly. "He acted sincerity until it became his second nature . . . He never listened except in matters affecting his own private affairs. He had gone marvelously through life without learning from human experience." Once Wallace showed him how a torpedo worked. "Do you ever think," Bryan demanded, "of the poor fellow who has to sit inside and work it?"

Oliver Madox Hueffer's French France Appleton

Though it is well known that Paris is not France, most foreign attempts to give a picture of France deal, if not with Paris itself, at least with the Parisian point of view. Here is a book, charmingly written by one who has spent many years in France, which deals exclusively with the life, the customs and the people of the provinces. It is a record of life in a provincial city, and when you have finished with

(*Please Turn to Page 516*)

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 515)

it, you will have a clear picture of a community which has far less in common with Paris than one of our Middle Western towns, say, has with New York. You will know it better, too, because the author has not confined himself to general discussion, but has introduced you to a score or two of the inhabitants, has told you something of their individual lives, and has let you listen to their opinions at first hand. This is no dull treatise, but a very live and delightful book.

Alice Mary Kimball's The Devil Is a Woman Knopf

Here are the stories, in verse, of a number of New England folk: Pardon Janes, who swore an oath never to look at or touch a woman; Stasia Whitsett, who lay in a trance all winter; and several others. The language of these monologues is homely and harsh and picturesque, although occasionally it jumps the tracks and goes Middle Western for a few lines. But it has viscera.

Roland Pertwee's Hell's Loose Houghton Mifflin

Here's a good yarn, written with humor and speed and gusto, all about what happened to Commander Robert Shaftoe when he went out on the home acres after pheasant and found a skeleton with the formula for a gasoline substitute in its pocket. Among the personalities in the limelight are the skeleton's daughter, Noelle, Robert's father, who is cram full of the joie de vivre, his friend Dominic, who's a great lover of free for all fights, Oscar Kahnet, the oil king, crooks, Communists, soldiers, huntsmen, Levantine financiers and others. We recommend this to any one who likes an exciting adventure story, well told.

Philip F. Waterman's The Story of Superstition Knopf

All the time-wasting and meaningless customs and superstitions and ceremonies which we observe today without knowing why, silly as they appear, have a very noble and ancient ancestry. Their meanings have been lost or changed, the rites of which they formed part have been discarded. Yet all of them are bound together and have their roots in the religious magic by means of which primitive man sought to improve his lot, ingratiate himself with the powers outside himself and induce them to aid his endeavors.

(Please Turn to Page 520)

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JUST-A-HOME for tiny tots. Excellent care and training. Protestant. Mrs. Whitford, 286 Summer St., Stamford, Connecticut.

Attractive house, refined people, excellent food, moderate rates. Write to
THE TABBARD INN
411 West Clifford St. Winchester, Va.

ENJOY an early spring in hospitable old South Carolina town. A few paying guests desired. Comforts. Good food. References exchanged. Terms moderate 761 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SUNRISE FARM, 38 acres, a comfortable and homelike Convalescent Home. Quiet restful, secluded. Electric lights, running water, modern plumbing and heating. H. A. Geib, M. D., Milford, Conn.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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2 More Real Estate Sections April 24 May 29

Second

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

What to Buy—Where to Buy

HOMES—ESTATES—FARMS—RANCHES—REAL PROPERTY

FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Copy for Next Section due on or before April 10

Arkansas

OZARKS—Five acres, camp, bungalow site, bordering White river, timbered. Hunting, fishing, trapping. $100, $5. monthly. **Homer Hubbard, 1973 N. 5th, Kansas City, Kansas.**

Canada

CANADA TAX SALE

Seized and Sold for Taxes

$ 54.00 buys 10 acre Hunting Camp
81.00 buys 10 acres on Quebec River
157.50 buys 80 acres British Columbia
180.00 buys 126 acres Mineralized
360.00 buys 160 acre farm Manitoba
360.00 buys 200 acres Ontario
540.00 buys 100 acres large lake frontage

These properties, with several hundred others, are offered at the prices stated, no mortgage, no further payments. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing. Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the new North; also farms in old Ontario, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia offered at a small fraction of their value and on terms of $5 or $10 a month if desired. Our 12th annual list just issued in the form of a 20 page illustrated booklet describes these properties and gives full particulars. It is mailed free on application. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. These properties won't last long at these prices. Send no money but send for booklet to-day so you will have first choice.

TAX SALE SERVICE

Rm. 617, 72 Queen Street West, Toronto 2, Canada

FOR RENT or SALE. At North Hatley, Province Quebec, Canada. Furnished cottage. Electricity, bath, 5 bed-rooms, dining room, living room with fireplace. Kitchen. Right of way to lake and one half small boat house $45 for season. Apply K. Craven, Roxbury, Connecticut.

KINGSTON, Ontario

TO LET: Eight roomed furnished house, May to September inclusive. Sun room, faces park, 2 minutes from lake and Yacht club. G. Humphrey, 7 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont.

Connecticut

Old New England Farmhouse

In beautiful WASHINGTON, BERKSHIRE, foothills, charming house over 100 years' old; excellent repair; huge fireplace, Dutch oven; modern improvements; 10 rooms, garage attached; on cool hilltop; extensive views; acre of lawn; large shade trees; orchard, gardens; surrounded by stone wall. 90 miles from N. Y. Photographs on request. Address H. Townsend, Washington, Conn.

FOR RENT in beautiful village of Cornwall, Connecticut, a good sized attractive house with broad veranda, electricity, baths, shower, open fires, tennis court. House furnished. Write for full particulars to L. R. Sanford.

FOR RENT: A small furnished house with four rooms suitable for two people. Modern conveniences, electricity, tennis court. Write L. R. Sanford, Cornwall, Conn.

OLD farmhouse, good repair 2 acres on breezy hilltop, near Sound 9 rooms, 3 fireplaces, Dutch oven, cranes, old hardware, fine well, telephone, new screened porch and 2-car garage; new cedar rowboat and some furniture included at price of $6,250. Ives-Bristol, Realty Co., Guilford, Conn.

COLONIAL HOME Meriden, Ct., 90 min. N. Y. C. Barn, garage, small acreage. Elevation, shade, fruit, improved road, electricity, furniture, nearby bungalow sites, 18 min. L. I. Sound. Lake bathing near. Mrs. N. Foster Nagel, 78 Pleasant St., Meriden, Conn.

Connecticut

FOR SALE: "Fairview Farm" Ideal summer home. 9 rooms, bath, old colonial house remodeled, 116 acres, several acres pond. Exceedingly charming spot. Between Providence & Hartford. Must sacrifice for $7,000. **ISKIYAN, Hampton, Connecticut.**

FOR RENT: May-Sept. or June-Oct. 90 miles from New York. Old Colonial Farm House, furnished, electricity, bath. Small garden surrounded by fields. Large trees and brook. Apply K. Craven, Roxbury, Connecticut.

FOR SALE—Old Dutch colonial house in good condition; suitable for residence or tea house. Located near Hartford, Conn. Harriet Brown, 189 South Main St., Manchester, Conn.

FOR SALE On Beautiful Lake Waramaug in the Litchfield Hills. New attractively furnished homes. Electric ranges, hot water heaters and refrigeration. Casement windows, pull down screens, Simmons beds and mattresses. Complete bath rooms, etc. Most beautiful lake—deep water—wonderful fishing, bathing, boating, drives and views. References required. Small down and monthly payment. 2½ hours from New York. G. P. Blackiston, owner, Salmon Tower Bldg., 11W. 42nd St. N. Y. C.

FOR SALE—Near New London, Ct.—Chesterfield 15 min. ride on State road—Estate 850 acres including 3 houses,—14r. 9r. 6r. respectively, barns, garage; all good repair, all tenanted; large reservoir, delightful charm of old Ct. rural scenery; large fields, many streams, extensive woodlands, rolling country, all well drained area; roads and bridle paths. Could be easily developed in subdivisions for suburban homes, small farms and aviation field, also make good game preserve suitable fur, fin and feather. 15 min. drive sea beaches. Current rentals support place. This is excellent opportunity to get large choice, compact area in vicinity growing city and U. S. N. Submarine Base, Ct. Women's College and the great U. S. Coast Guard Tr. School recently begun. All N. Y.-Boston shore line expresses stop New London. $30,000. Terms. W. T. CLANCY, 111 B'way, N. Y. C.

Massachusetts

FOR SALE
Gentleman's Estate

ASHFIELD, MASS. The Mansion House, on top of hill overlooking village: Three story and basement. House 38x66 feet (With kitchen extension) 18 rooms, 5 baths, electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water on all floors. Large fire-places, abundant closet space, interior telephones throughout house and to garage. Basement laundry, screens, awnings, etc. Finest construction. Garage of concrete and frame, is built on side of hill, 33 x 42 feet for 6 cars. Lavatory on first floor, six room apartment with bath on second floor. There are ten acres of home grounds, laid out by landscape artist, in roses, shrubs, evergreens, etc. A delightful home in every way. Photographs, details, etc., gladly submitted. H. V. ERICKSON, Trust Officer, Franklin County Trust Co., Greenfield, Mass.

Rockport, Massachusetts

Extreme End of Cape Ann

Houses directly on the rocks at the water's edge, commanding unobstructed view of Atlantic Ocean and Thatcher's Lights available for summer rental.

GOLF BATHING RIDING

EVERETT R. WILKINSON

Sale & Rental of Seashore Property Tel. 474-3
Marmion Way

Massachusetts

BUZZARDS BAY, Massachusetts

FOR RENT: Furnished 8 room house, new, including maid's room and bath. Located on woodland fresh lake. Large living room, open fire-place. Wood free. Electric range. Season June-October if desired. Photographs sent on application. A. H. Burgin, Buzzards Bay.

CAPE COD, TRURO, MASS.

Bungalows on green dunes, near ocean. $200—$650 season. Herbert Lloyd, Bound Brook, N. J.

LONGNOOK BEACH, Old Truro, Cape Cod

Furnished cottages, private colony, near Highland Light; electricity, baths, fireplaces, screened porches. Write Mrs. L. M. Greenleaf 6 Upland Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

NANTUCKET, MASS.

FOR SALE: One cottage in Seonset, 7 rooms partly furnished, $6000. Another cottage, furnished with antiques, best view on the island. Others also. Write stating what you want. OWNER, Box 45, Nantucket, Mass.

FOR SALE: Gentleman's residence situated within three hours' motor trip from Boston, easily accessible from Providence, New Haven, and New York. An ideal summer home near the beach. House of ten rooms, modern conveniences, fully furnished, large grounds, and a barn with room to garage three cars. For details apply to GEO. HOWLAND COX, Cambridge Trust Co., Cambridge, Mass.

IN THE BERKSHIRES—RICHMOND MASSACHUSETTS 8 miles from Pittsfield, 5 from Lenox, 12 from Stockbridge. For rent furnished or for sale. Summer cottage. Living room, dining room, kitchen. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, maid's lavatory, 3 fireplaces, electricity, electric refrigerator, 2-car garage, $600 for season. Fine state roads, also country roads for horseback riding. Owner Mrs. W. B. Bowne, Richmond, Mass.

HYANNISPORT, MASS. CAPE COD ON THE SOUTH SHORE. FOR SALE. Attractive summer lodging house 13 rooms, 4 baths, 1 toilet, nicely furnished, twin beds, large attic, 4-car garage, centrally located, on four streets in exclusive summer colony, city water, electric lights. Dining room, separate building, seats 60, Kitchen, cooler, 6 chambers, 1 bath, laundry. Also new modern bungalow, 5 rooms, 1 bath, large closets, living room 18x25, furnished new. New lawn, shrubbery. Price and complete information including photos sent on request. H. W. Eldridge, Hyannis, Mass.

FOR SALE: Siasconset, Mass. House completely furnished. Apply to MISS HELEN MARSHALL, 71 Williams St., Norwich, Connecticut.

FOR RENT SELECT SUMMER COTTAGES on south shore, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Excellent boating, fishing, bath and golf. Good roads everywhere. At Hyannis, ideal summer shops, markets, hotels and Tea Houses. Good train service. CAPE CODDER runs once weekly to and from, Hyannis—Pittsburg, Pa. Please address, H. W. Eldridge, Hyannis, Mass.

FOR SALE: On the top of one of Mass. finest cities. Splendid nearly new colonial cottage—6 rooms, sun parlor, attic, 2-car stone garage. Particularly desirable for those who want a high altitude—1000 ft. above sea level. 20 mile view over city and country. Quickly accessible to mountains and sea shore—190 miles from N. Y. Electric lights, city water, electric refrig. and oil burner. Price $12,000. W. C. Sullivan 248 Mower St., Worcester, Mass. Star Route.

FOR SALE: Falmouth, Cape Cod, Mass. beautiful Cape Cod Cottage, all improvements, 1½ acres, fruit, splendid bathing beach. Price low for quick sale. Carl Holman, Pearl River, N. Y.

Maryland

FOR SALE: Seven room, modern home, large porches, garage, nine acres. Large garden, fruit and shade trees, shrubbery. Overlooks Monocasy battle-field, and valleys. Beautiful views of Blue Ridge mountains. Four miles from Frederick, Md. 38 miles from Washington on main concrete highway. Immediate possession. For further description write P. S. Lansdale, owner, Frederick, Maryland.

Maine

Rock Gardens and Cottages

ON THE OCEAN—IN THE PINES. American plan. Homelike. Modern plumbing. Vegetable gardens. Golf, tennis, water sports. Station, Bath, Maine. June 14—October 1. Address J. W. Merritt, Sebasco Estates, Sebasco, Maine. Folder. Rates $30—$55.

For Sale Cottages in Maine

Very desirable cottage at Lake Wood, Madison, Maine. Well furnished, water at sink, electric lights, fireplace. Cottage on great Moose Lake, furnished, piano, billard table, hot and cold water, bath room, electric lights, fireplace, wood and ice, boats, nice water. John F. Trickey, Pittsfield, Maine.

South West Harbor, Maine

Cottage for sale or rent. Sale $5,000. Rent $400 for season; fully furnished; has four bed rooms; two bath rooms, living room with open fireplace, dining room, kitchen and laundry. Near two Hotels. Beautiful view of Harbor and Mountains. J. G. Lamb, 1005 Land Title Bldg., Phila., Pa.

CAMDEN, MAINE

Furnished houses for rent or sale. George Talbot, Real Estate Agents.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. Furnished cottages for rent, 2 to 8 rooms, with or without bath. $75. to $350. season. Tennis, golf. E. Whitehouse, 141 W. 72nd St., New York City.

PENOBSCOT BAY 5 acres, woods, fields, fine beach, sheltered cove. Summer home; 6 master, 2 maids' bedrooms, bath. Bargain at $5500; terms. **MAINE LAKES & COAST CO.**, Portland, Maine.

FOR RENT: Desirable 5 room cottage at Squirrel Island, Maine. Inquire F. J. C. Little, Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE: Estate of 40 acres, bordering on water, 32 room house, garage. Ideal for school, camp or colony. Low price, terms for quick sale. Write F. Baker, Pemaquid Harbor, Maine.

EXCLUSIVE sea-beach properties at Georgetown 14 miles to Bath. Folder on request Georgetown Association, 173 State St., Augusta, Maine.

FARM CATALOGUE of bargains, small and large summer homes and residences, mountain, river or lake. Copy free. Orrin J. Dickey, Belfast, Maine.

CAPE PORPOISE, KENNEBUNKPORT, ME. 10-room cottage, fully furnished all modern conveniences. Electric light, baths, fireplace, piano, sleeping-porch, garage, boat-house. Fine sea view, excellent boating and fishing. $500 for the season. G. S. P. 14 Winslow Road, Belmont, Massachusetts.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Me. To let. Among the pines, on the ocean. Six room bungalow, fire-place, bath-room. J. B. Fielding, 1758 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Massachusetts.

TO LET OR FOR SALE: Large, commodious, furnished cottage, all conveniences, on shore of beautiful Lake Cobbosseecontee, 5 miles from Augusta on state road; five minutes walk from Augusta Country Club. Apply E. M. Thompson, 207 Water St., Augusta, Maine.

New York State

Saratoga Springs, New York

Fine home (occupied by owner) in best residence section. Corner lot 150x150. Price $35,000. Address "Owner" 398 Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

THOUSAND ISLANDS (Beverley Island, between Clayton and Alexandria Bay) —Finest location and view; furnished cottage, 10 rooms, 3 baths, large porches, 2 fireplaces, shower bath; shop, new ice house, launch house, skiff house, all just painted; 3 rowboats, 34 ft. launch with 100 h.p. Sterling engine; sea wall surrounding island; new docks; high pressure water system; wonderful bargain; should be seen. $15,000. F. L. Brown, 38 W. 69th St., N. Y. C.

ADIRONDACKS—St. Huberts, N. Y. Eleven room cottage, near Ausable Club. All improvements, garage. References asked. Address Miss Booraem, 43 Elm St., Morristown, N. J.

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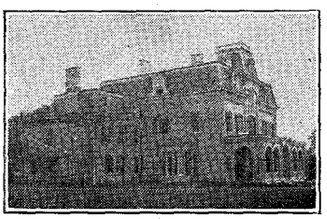
SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

New York State



The Pointed Firs

A beautiful mansion situated in the charming old village of

Castleton-on-Hudson

on a plateau overlooking the Hudson River with a view of the Helderberg and Catskill Mountains; on east bank, eight miles south of Albany, on main line of New York Central Railroad and concrete river road from Albany to New York. About twenty acres of land, orchards, woodland, spring, prolific gardens on gentle southern slope, varied shrubberies, including magnolia trees. The house is splendidly built. Twenty rooms, susceptible of further division, numerous shower-baths, wash-basins, stools, modern steam-heating and hot-water plant, fountain, electricity and water; tennis court and service house, lodge, garages, and various other outbuildings. Easily accessible to Albany. Good schools and markets in village. Most adaptable for gentleman's estate, school, sanitarium, roadhouse, or hotel. Price $50,000, which is about one-third of the cost of reproduction. Terms can be arranged.

GEO. S. BARKENTIN
Room 1204
475 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

FOR SALE: Ideal Country Home or Club House, 16 rooms, all improvements, 200 acres, exquisite view, high elevation, 70 miles from New York, in Orange County. Bargain at $60,000.00.

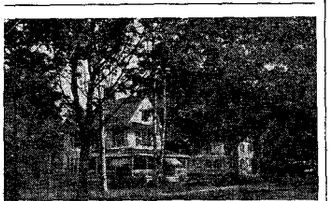
At Yankee Lake, The Christain Camp of Sullivan County. For Sale 3 and 4 room bungalows, $1,000.00 and up. 85 miles from New York. Hiram Smith, 119 Grand St., Goshen, N. Y.

New York State

ADIRONDACK CAMP

Near Speculator, three hours from Albany, two hours from Saratoga Springs. New log construction. Furnished. Boats, canoe, and launch with outboard motor. Four fire places, four baths. Unsurpassed view of lake and mountains. Price $65,000.00. Terms or exchange.

OLMSTEAD LUMBER AND LAND CO., INC.
Northville, N. Y.



Cottage for Season

QUAKER HILL INN

PAWLING, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

Non-housekeeping, attractive, freedom from care; maid service, light, linen, etc., supplied. Excellent meals at Inn near. Reasonable. Elevation 1,200 feet. Golf course Berkshires, sixty miles from New York; excellent train service. Address

Management, Quaker Hill Inn, Pawling, N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE

Established business, depreciated sound value real estate and equipment $1,100,000. Asking $350,000, cash required $100,000. Information and photos sent. **Write W. B. SANDERS, Nunda, N. Y.**

Adirondacks—Auger Lake

Fordway Camps. For Gentiles. New attractive, furnished, housekeeping bungalows, located on large tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150.00 to $300.00 including garage, ice, firewood and rowboat.

MACE & NICOLLS Keeseville, N. Y.

FOR SALE:—Adirondack Camp, on shore of Long Lake, suitable for summer boarders, convalescent camp or club. Consists of 14 buildings, besides cooler. All furniture and boats. Electricity and running water. **Mrs. C. V. Mann, 97 Morris Street, Albany, New York.**

FOR SALE: Fine old brick colonial house, five minutes drive to Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. Large living room, fireplaces, dining room, kitchen, three chambers, modern built in bath and shower, hot water heat, phone, electric lighting, 300 ft. frontage, six acres large trees. Address Owner, W. C. Gavitte, Kline Road, Ithaca, New York.

FOR RENT: Modern furnished Bungalow at Lake George, N. Y. 3 bedrooms, electric lights, telephone, hot and cold water, fine dock and bathing. Garage. Price $700.00 for season. A. B. Leotaud, 137 Glen St., Glens Falls, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT THE 1000 ISLANDS: Beautiful residence completely furnished on shore of the St. Lawrence River with 28 acres of land. Good hunting and good fishing in immediate vacinity. John O'Leary Attorney-at-Law, Clayton, New York.

OTSEGO LAKE—Camp Waiontha furnished for sale or rent. Fine beach, beautiful location, spring water, garage. Write Philip G. McManus, Cooperstown, N. Y.

FOR RENT Lake George, in Hamlet one mile from Huletts Landing. Six bedrooms. Living room. Open fireplace. Wood. Ice. Reasonable terms. 801 Outlook and Independent.

New York State

HUDSON RIVER ESTATE

Adapted for Sanitorium, Monastery, Boy's Camp, Convalescents' Home, Game Preserve, or Gentleman's Fine Farm Estate. Located on east bank Hudson River, on Mount Merino near City Hudson. Adjoining Artist Church estate, 350 Acres; Magnificent Master Dwelling about 20 rooms, 6 beautiful open Fireplaces; Grand setting, amid grand Landscape Gardening; gently sloping lawns, bridle path trailing the Woodland Having seclusion without Isolation. Artificial Ponds with Lotus and Water Lilies. Large Farm dwelling and Cottage, flowing Creek, Mammoth New Farm Buildings, 200 acres arable soil and pasture; large orchard; Sustaining Proposition. Its acquisition should prove a highly lucrative investment; no exchange entertained; $40,000; To settle Estate (Must be seen to be appreciated) Exclusive Sale.
(Brokers Protected).

Lloyd Hallenbeck, Realtor
Greendale-on-the-Hudson, New York
(Other Large Estates)

SAYVILLE, LONG ISLAND

SELL OR RENT 7 room Colonial house, all improvements, 2-car garage, near links, beach and club, good commutation to New York,

Edwards, Realtor, Sayville

For Sale: Mt. Beacon, N. Y.

Summer camp, furnished, location 1400 ft. altitude, commanding splendid view of Hudson River and Valley. Six rooms, bath, large porch. About ½ acre ground. Price reasonable. 2 hours from N. Y. N. C. Gabel, 4163 Glenwood Ave., Little Neck, L. I.

$16,000 Stone Mansion $8,500. Catskill. Greene Co., N. Y.—10 rooms, every improvement, 55 acres, house for 2,000 chickens, 17 acres, level on state road. $3,500. Country homes, boarding houses, farms. Write C. Weissel, Leeds, N. Y.

IN UNADILLA, ON THE SUSQUEHANNA. The whole family will love it! Charming 12 room house modern throughout; large veranda; spacious lawn, beautiful shade; barn; 4-car garage; on main paved street; an ideal country home located in a town that offers exceptional advantages. For further information write Theo Fuller, Unadilla, N. Y.

OLD NEW ENGLAND farm-house. 7 rooms, 2 fireplaces, renovated bath and lavatory, electricity, garage, 3 acres, more if desired. ¾ mile to charming village, main road. Elevation 1200 ft. $5,500. Reed 2 Grace Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE, COUNTRY HOME ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN. 80 acres of fine farm and dairy land on historic CUMBERLAND HEAD on Lake CHAMPLAIN two miles from Plattsburgh, N. Y. Well located for colony camp. Beautiful view of Lake and Adirondacks. 800 feet of lake shore. Two houses. Spring water. Price $10,000. Dr. T. A. Rogers, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

HEART'S DESIRE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS Overlooking the beautiful Au Sable Valley. Furnished bungalow-type camps for rent. Electric lights; running water; bath; open fireplace. Reached by train, automobile, airplane. Private landing field. Almon Ward, Jay, N. Y.

New York City

TO SUBLET: April 27th to October 1st or permanently 6 room apartment furnished or unfurnished. Rooms light, airy, good size, attractive. Apply to H. D. Foster, 158 East 55th St., New York City.

TO LET: NEW YORK RESIDENTIAL SUBURB. Lower part modern home, six rooms, sleeping porch, garage, garden. Buying option. Responsible. Christian family appreciating refined community. "J" Outlook.

New Hampshire

Beautiful New Found Lake

Near Bristol, N. H. To rent: Six room bungalow, overlooking lake, wonderful view, modern improvements, refined surroundings, garage. $250 for season. Address Box 827 Outlook and Independent.

SUGAR HILL, N. H. White Mountains, picturesque Satchell cottage, furnished. William E. Satchell, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Hampshire

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Jackson, N. H.

2 furnished cottages on the side of Thorn Mt., overlooking village and Presidential Range, 8 and 10 rooms, running water and bath. Rent for season $200 and $300 respectively.

ISAAC L. GOFF CO.
171 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write booklets. **Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.** Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

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SUGAR HILL, N. H.: For rental for summer season, furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House; 10 rooms, 2 baths, lavatories. 5 acres of ground. Garage. Beautiful view three mountain ranges. 8 golf courses within reach. Tennis. Riding. Housekeeping or not as desired. Apply J. B. Hardon, 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

TO RENT Heart of White Mountains. 10 Room summer home, furnished; electricity, all modern conveniences, fireplace, 2 porches, upstairs sleeping porch 30x16 ft., garage, 50 acres on Mirror Lake, Woodstock, N. H. Beautiful scenery, fine bathing, canoeing. Ideal for children or small camp. C. H. Raymond, Lawrenceville, New Jersey.

FOR SALE: N. H. Camping business. 83 acres farm with buildings. 3000 ft. shore front. Wood timber. 6 cottages. Garage, store. Electricity, water. A fine place for boys and girls school. **J. M. MAYO, Meredith, N. H.**

New Jersey

FOR SALE OR RENT COLONIAL HOUSE

10 rooms, modern improvements, 2½ acres. Fruit, garden, also garage, chicken-house. 30 miles from New York, among New Jersey hills. Details, write Francis B. DuBois, Whippany, N. J.

FOR RENT: Glen Ridge, N. J. for 6 months or longer. Furnished house, 12 rooms, four baths, 2-car garage. Beautiful grounds with gardens and shade trees. M. L. Johnstone, 96 Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge.

FOR SALE: Eight Rooms, Bath. Convenient to schools, stores, churches, Lackawanna station. Garage. William T. Pierson, 138 N. Essex Ave., Orange, N. J.

COUNTRY HOME—HOPEWELL, N. J. Hopewell is located midway between New York and Philadelphia on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, near Princeton; the plot of ground is about 20 acres; modern house, all conveniences; close to R. R. station and postoffice (less than one mile); high elevation, fine view; wonderful flowers, shrubs, etc.; send for circular. Address Owner, Box 87, Hopewell, N. J.

North Carolina

FOR SALE: 1000 acres in Kill Devil Hill Memorial section, Dare County, near ocean. Splendid hunting and fishing. Address 829 Outlook and Independent.

Pennsylvania

MT. POCONO, PA.

FOR RENT OR SALE: Attractive furnished cottages and bungalows, with all improvements. E. E. Merwin, Mt. Pocono, Pa. Bell Phone 11-R-4.

Rhode Island

TO RENT at Weekapaug, R. I. from June 15th to Sept. 15th a charming bungalow facing ocean. Has large bedroom, sleeping porch, living room with divan and fireplace, bath-room, kitchen, etc. Price $500 per season. Apply to Mrs. M. H. Hapgood, 22 S. Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.

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Special Real Estate Section

Vermont

SUMMER HOMES IN SOUTHERN VERMONT. The most charming hill country in New England dotted with lakes and brooks and desirable old houses. Priced from a few hundred dollars and up. Send for illustrated folder. Harold F. White, Brattleboro, Vermont.

OLD BENNINGTON, VERMONT. For sale or rent delightful house, 16 rooms, 4 fireplaces, 6 master bedrooms, 3 maids' rooms, antique furniture. Steam heat. Garage. Five minutes walk to Country Club. Seasonal rental $2,000. Further details. 845 Outlook and Independent.

OLD BENNINGTON, VERMONT. For sale or rent charming house. 8 rooms, 4 master bedrooms, maid's room. Garage. Steam heat. Season $900. 843 Outlook and Independent.

FOR RENT: Comfortable cottage at Thompson's Point, Lake Champlain, Vermont. Beautiful situation, privacy. Supplies daily. Tennis, golf, fishing, safe bathing for children. For terms, Mrs. P. W. Simpson, 96 Hillcrest Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

FOR SALE: in Plymouth, Vermont. 100 acres bordering on lake. Heavily timbered. Right place for Boys club or summer school. C. V. Sanders, Tauton, Massachusetts.

Washington

Beautiful **HERRON ISLAND** — Inner Puget Sound, Washington. Two hours from Seattle. 300 acres with fields and forest, house and barn. Half mile from main land. Soil and climate best. Fruit, berries, fishing, hunting, bathing. Properly suitable for private home for Colony, Hotel, Assembly or Institutions. Apply to W. Beyer, Resident. Bay View P. O. Washington or to S. M. Kielland, 302 Lehigh Terminal, Buffalo, New York.

Wisconsin

FOR SALE: Cottage at Mirror Lake, Wisconsin, 4 screened porches, well, cistern, electric lights; plastered, lot 66 x 132; 2 miles from Wisconsin Dells. Box 72, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 516*)

No account of the origin of, for instance, such a common superstition as the danger of spilling salt is complete without a general survey of the whole field of primitive belief and ritual, and this the author has attempted to give us. He has handled his material with delicacy and yet with firmness—not a simple thing to accomplish in a popular treatment of a subject which to many modern minds is fundamentally obscene. It is an extremely interesting short non-technical comprehensive treatise, and thoroughly readable. It cleared up our ignorance regarding many superstitions and myths. And oh, what we know about Santa Claus!

Elizabeth Jordan's The Devil and the Deep Sea Century

A well written, detectiveless mystery in which the relatives of the deceased Catherine Chandler are forced by the terms of her will to live together in her house for six months after her death, before hearing the final terms of the disposition of her considerable property. There is a suspicion that one of them may have poisoned her, which makes their position rather unpleasant, particularly as all of them have more or less to hide.

Leane Zugsmith's All Victories Are Alike Payson & Clarke

Once, Page Trent had had a sense of wonder. But years of clever clowning in a newspaper column, of posing among other poseurs, had destroyed it, had all but destroyed him. Then he married Lucy—for no particular reason but that she was small and lonely and "wanted to give him something." What she gave him, finally, after he had tired of her, was knowledge of himself. But that his final conversion was really final, we doubt.

Bliss Carman's Wild Garden Dodd Mead

There are no new flowers, no gaudy orchids in this garden, nothing exotic or disturbing. It is June, and everything is clean and sweet and a bit old fashioned, and why not? It is a pleasant, quiet corner to linger in for a while, and enjoy verses that are graceful and musical, and full of starlight and dew and a nice feeling for nature.

Martin Johnson's Lion Putnam

The automobile has worked almost as many changes on big game hunting as it has on rural American life. The greater mobility of the hunter, the ease of pursuit, increase immensely the opportunities for close observation, and so in this story of the Johnsons' trip into northern Tanganyika, which seems to be a sort of lion's happy hunting ground, we get a much fuller and rather different picture of the king of beasts than the books of the old-time hunters gave us. Just as exciting a picture, though. The way the Johnsons fraternized with the animals makes poor old Daniel look like very small potatoes. Of course, Osa was always there with her hand on the trigger. Still, we'd rather go in for rabbit shooting or mouse taming. The sixty-odd illustrations are very fine indeed—as you will have expected if you have read Mr. Johnson's previous books.

Captain Harry Dean's The Pedro Gorino Houghton, Mifflin

An unusual book—the autobiography of a negro sea captain who dreamed of founding an Ethiopian Empire, and very nearly did. At the age of fifteen he had circumnavigated the globe in his uncle's ship, and from then on his one ambition was to better the condition of his own race. In his topsail scho the Pedro Gorino, he traded and hu ed whales; during the Boer War negotiated with the King and Queen Basutoland and Segow Faku, King the Pongos; the Portuguese offered sell him Lorenco Marques for £50,0 He had many amazing adventur There is a ring of sincerity in his sto which we listened for in vain in the ta of that other African adventure Trader Horn.

Charles Kingston's The Guilty House Dutton

Seven houses form the small suburb Bankdale Estate—s occupied by apparentl respectable people. Then a mysterio stranger was found murdered in t garden of one of the houses, and subsequent investigation uncove quite a respectable gathering of fam skeletons. Rated about so-so, if y omit the padding.

Gertrude Aretz's Queen Louise of Prussia Putnam

Louise is probab the most appealin figure in Prussia history. Her bea ty and charm, her courage and unsel ishness, served only to involve hers and her people in difficulties. W Napoleon for an enemy, a weakling fo husband, and for an adviser the unstab Alexander I of Russia, the odds we too heavily against her. This is unbiased, if not very spirited acco of her life.

Joseph Leeming's Peaks of Invention Century

A very popular a simply written count of the most i portant inventio which have made our lives so differe from those of our grandfathers. Mo ern chemistry, the submarine cabl radio, telescopes, submarines, the tel phone, modern ships, airplanes locomotives are discussed and explai without the use of technical phraseolog

The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife Payson & Clarke

An extremely interes ing statement of th woman's view of marriage which slowly and with great deliberation turned ou badly. Interesting even if the husband had been an obscure clerk instead of one of the foremost literary figures of the century. As it is, it will add a great deal to our knowledge and understanding of Tolstoy. It covers the first twenty-eight years of the Tolstoys married life, from 1862 to 1891, and includes an account of their engagemen and marriage, the story of Tolstoy's quarrel with Turgenev, and a collec tion of notes on his literary life.

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